Pages Missing

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

441 Yonge Street and 1 Carlton Street. Toronto, Canada. TELEPHONE 2498

Highest Awards at Paris, France, 1882-83. New York, 1890. Highest Awards over the entire world in our line at Chicago World Columbian Exposition, 1893.

Largest and Cheapest House for Hair Goods, Hair Ornaments, and Perfumery, on this continent.

Ladies who desire to procure some Hair Goods for Fashion, Convenience, Protection from Cold, Neuralgia, etc., could not do any better than procure it from a large and responsible house like ours.

Our Beautiful Styles of Fashionable Bangs, illustrated in these two cuts, are made on the latest improved principle and are unlike other makes; they are original in style and appearance, made of the best Natural Curly Hair. Our Bangs saves the lady trouble and time and gives her own hair a rest from the continual strain of curling.

Ladies who Wear Waves will get most natural looking partings, best of wave and hair, at far more reasonable prices and more reliable than when obtained from parties traveling at the customers' expense around the country. We can suit you far better by ordering by post, than when you are forced to by a piece of hair which will not suit you. If we send an article which is not suitable to our patron, we will be pleased to exchange it. It is our deep interest to give our patrons the best of satisfaction, as we desire to retain them as customers.

When Ordering Goods, we beg our customers to forward plain, full address and instruction particularly for hair goods, send sample of your hair, state style and price. Every order must be accompanied with amount, and if possible send by registered letter. Any style not satisfactory will be exchanged if returned within a few days.

HEAD COVERING FOR LADIES WITH LITTLE HAIR

Ladies' Waves, with hair-lace parting, straight, or Wavey Hair on back $7 $8, $9, $10, according to size.
Small Waves, no hair on back, $5, $6, and $7.
Ladies' Curly Bang with or without parting, hair on back of Bang, $4, $6 and $8 to $15.
Ladies' Plain Parting or straight Bair in front, with hair falling over the back, $3, $5, $7 and $10

...SWITCHES...

Made of Long Hair, Short Stem, best quality. Length and prices as follows:—

16 inches, long hair,	$3.	22 inches, long hair,	$6.
18 " " "	4.	24 " " "	7.
20 " " "	5.	26 " " "	8.

28 and 30 inches, long hair $10

..WIG MAKING A SPECIALTY..

Highest World's Fair Award.

Wigs for Ladies and Gentlemen. Toupees and Scalplets made to order on short notice, perfect fit guaranteed. You need not come to Toronto, we can suit you with perfect fit Just apply to us and we will instruct you how to take the measure correctly. We can improve on natural appearance.

This beautiful style of Bang is made so as it can be worn with or without parting. Very light and made on improved principles. Small size, $3.50, Medium, $5.00, Large size, $6.50.

Indispensible Toilet Preparation

...CAPILLERINE...

For Destroying and Removing Superfluous Hair on Neck, Face, Arms, or any part of the person without the slightest injury to the most delicate skin. CAPILLERINE supersedes Electrolysis, in fact anything in the market to day. CAPILLERINE for destroying the hair has been analyzed by the jury at the World's Fair, 1893, and obtained the highest award. Remember it is wonderful, it will not destroy the hair with one or two applications, it will remove it; but by persevering treatment it will distroy the life principle of the hair, the hair will get weaker by every application. **Price $1.5o.** CAPILLERINE will be sent securely sealed from observation to any part of Canada or U.S., by post 6c extra.

...NO MORE GREY HAIR...

Use Armand's Instantaneous Grey Hair Restorer, the wonder of the age, in 10 different colors. You can wash your hair after and it will not come off. Most natural shades. Easy to apply, harmless as water. Analyzed and highest award obtained at the World's Fair, 1893. Price, $3.00, 2 Boxes. $5. Send sample of your hair and we will send you the right color.

Armand's Eau d'Or, for dull and orless hair. A most reliable preparation for tightening and lightening he hair, without bleaching it. Makes the hair grow. Innocent as water. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

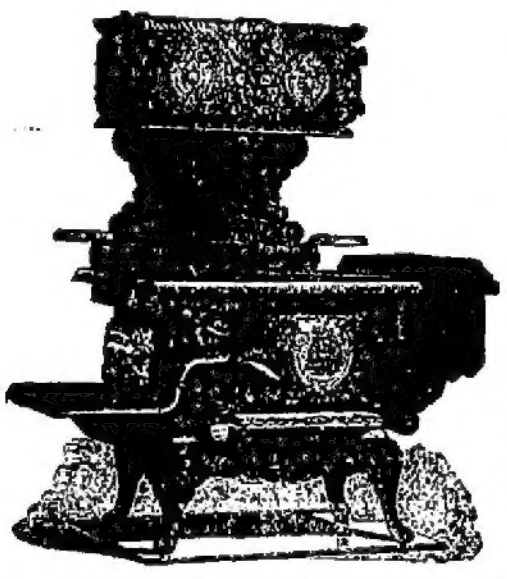
J. Trancle-Armand & Co.

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Sts., Toronto, Canada. TELEPHONE 2498.

☞ When ordering please mention this magazine.

This cut shows a Handsome Little Style of Bang, suitable for round faces. Price $3.50, $5.00 & $6.50.

Souvenir Range



The most modern and most complete Cooking Range in this market. Hundreds have been sold during the past two years, and purchasers are thoroughly satisfied.

Note what **Miss Surridge,** Principal of the Toronto School of Cookery, says of the **"Souvenir Range"**

TORONTO, Monday, April 2nd, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I have much pleasure in saying that the **Souvenir Range** you put in at Hamilton for the use of the Cooking Class recently held there gave me **every satisfaction.** It is certainly the **very best** stove I have ever used, being **cleanly, reliable,** and **most economical,** consuming **astonishingly small quantity of fuel.** I have the honor to remain,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) FLORENCE SURRIDGE.

The **"Souvenir" Range** will do more and better cooking and baking than any other range made, and is without an equal in **Appearance, Durability,** and **Convenience.**

Sold by **Leading Stove Dealers** throughout the Dominion, and in Toronto by

W. T. MULLETT	738 Queen St. east	A. B. DOWSWELL	474 College Street
M. HANCOCK	76 Jarvis Street	J. L. PINCOMBE	145 Brunswick Ave
J. T. KINSMAN	371 Yonge Street	J. T. WILSON	165 Queen St. west
A. G. McINTYRE	466 Queen St. west	T. W. WILKES	406 Dundas Street
A. MAAS	634 Queen St. west	G. W. WALLACE	437 Parliament St
E. W. CHARD	324 College Street	HARRINGTON BROS	1151 Queen St. west
ROBERT FAIR	200 Queen St east.		

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Gurney-Tilden Co. (Ltd.),

SUCCESSORS TO E. & C. GURNEY. HAMILTON, ONT.

Educational

LANGUAGES

LEARNED AT HOME

Send for circular explaining Dr. Rosenthal's new method for

French : German : Spanish

Full course by mail in either of these languages costs only $5.00, including books.

LATIN mastered in 16 lessons by the Des Brisay Method. No more drudgery. The course may be taken by mail at a fee of $6. Pamphlet free. Address....

The Toronto School of Languages

Oddfellows' Building, Toronto

CHARLES T. PAUL, Principal.

INCORPORATED 1886 **TORONTO** HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COR. YONGE ST. & WILTON AVE.

EDWARD FISHER - Musical Director

NEW CALENDAR 132 Pages, giving Full Information MAILED FREE.

A Thorough Training in All Branches from the Rudiments to Graduation.

Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, etc. Pupils received at any time.

Valuable "Free Advantages" For Students.

Voices Tested Free of Charge.

H. N. SHAW, B. A., Prin. Elocution School,

Elocution, Oratory, Voice Culture, Delsarte, Swedish Gymnastics, Literature, etc.

- FREE -

TEASPOONS AND - GIFTS.

We will give any person 1 doz. Teaspoons, Heavy Silver plated, elegant design, warranted to wear, who will sell 1 doz. of our beautiful pictures among friends at 25 cts. each. Write us and we will Mail you the pictures. You sell them and send us the money, and we will mail you the 1 doz. lovely spoons. Great Western Supply House, Chicago, Ill.

THEATRICAL GOODS.

Standard Plays, Wigs, Moustaches, Paints, Makeups, Clogs, Song and Dance Shoes, also Tights supplied to order.

SEND FOR A MOUSTACHE ON WIRE FRAME, 35c

Send Stamp for Price List.

CHARLES CLARIN,

1 Richmond St. West, - - TORONTO, ONT.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier

Purifies as well as Beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 43 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the *haulton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FRED T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

☞ Beware of Base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

The illustrations show both sides of the medal.

The Champion of the World

FRENCH PERFECTION TAILOR SYSTEM

DRESS - CUTTING - SCHOOL

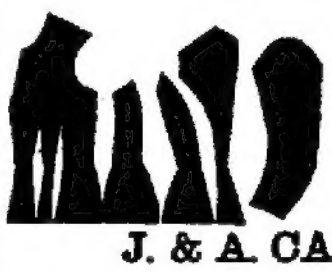
Prof. O. H. de Lamorton of Paris, France, The World's Champion Tailor System Inventor.

Has been removed from **467 Yonge Street,** to

- 40 WILTON AVENUE, TORONTO. -

Ladies be sure and learn no other. This is THE BEST, and to advertise our new School we will teach the full course, supplying our improved system, at a total cost of $5.00.

THE SCHOOL OF DRESS CUTTING



..Teaching Daily Our..

New Tailor System

of SQUARE MEASUREMENT

or cutting Ladies' and Children's Garments. The leading system. Perfection in form and fit. Can be learned thoroughly from the printed and illustrated instruction. Good inducements to agents. Descriptive circular sent free.

J. & A. CARTER, 372 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Practical Dressmakers, Cutters and Milliners.
Established 1860.

CARDS FOR 1895. 50 Sample Styles AND LIST OF 400 PREMIUM ARTICLES FREE. HAVERFIELD PUB. CO. CADIZ, OHIO.

15 COMIC CARDS free to every one sending 10 cents for Agent's Complete Outfit and Sample Album, before 15th March. Card samples only, 2-cent stamp. Cut this out and send with order.

Address—Excelsior Card Co., Ingersoll, Ont.

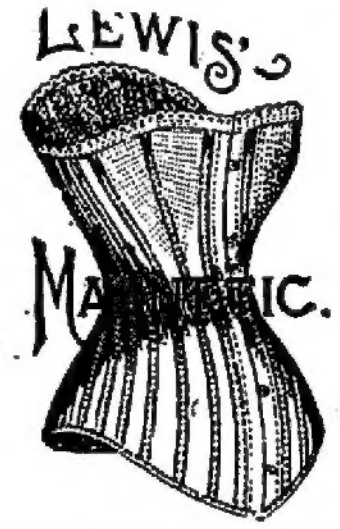
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts, Birthmarks, and all Facial Blemishes permanently removed by

ELECTROLYSIS

G. B. Foster, "The Forum,
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard streets.

The Lewis Magnetic Corset.



It is mechanically constructed upon scientific principles, symmetrical in shape and unique in design.

Each section of the corset is so formed as to maintain the vertical lines of the body, and readily conforms to the figure of the wearer.

It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon steel, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability.

Each steel (or stay) is nickle-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal tipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabrics.

The steels (or stays) are incased in separate pockets and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE
Crompton Corset Co., 78 York street
... TORONTO, ONT.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN A PIANO

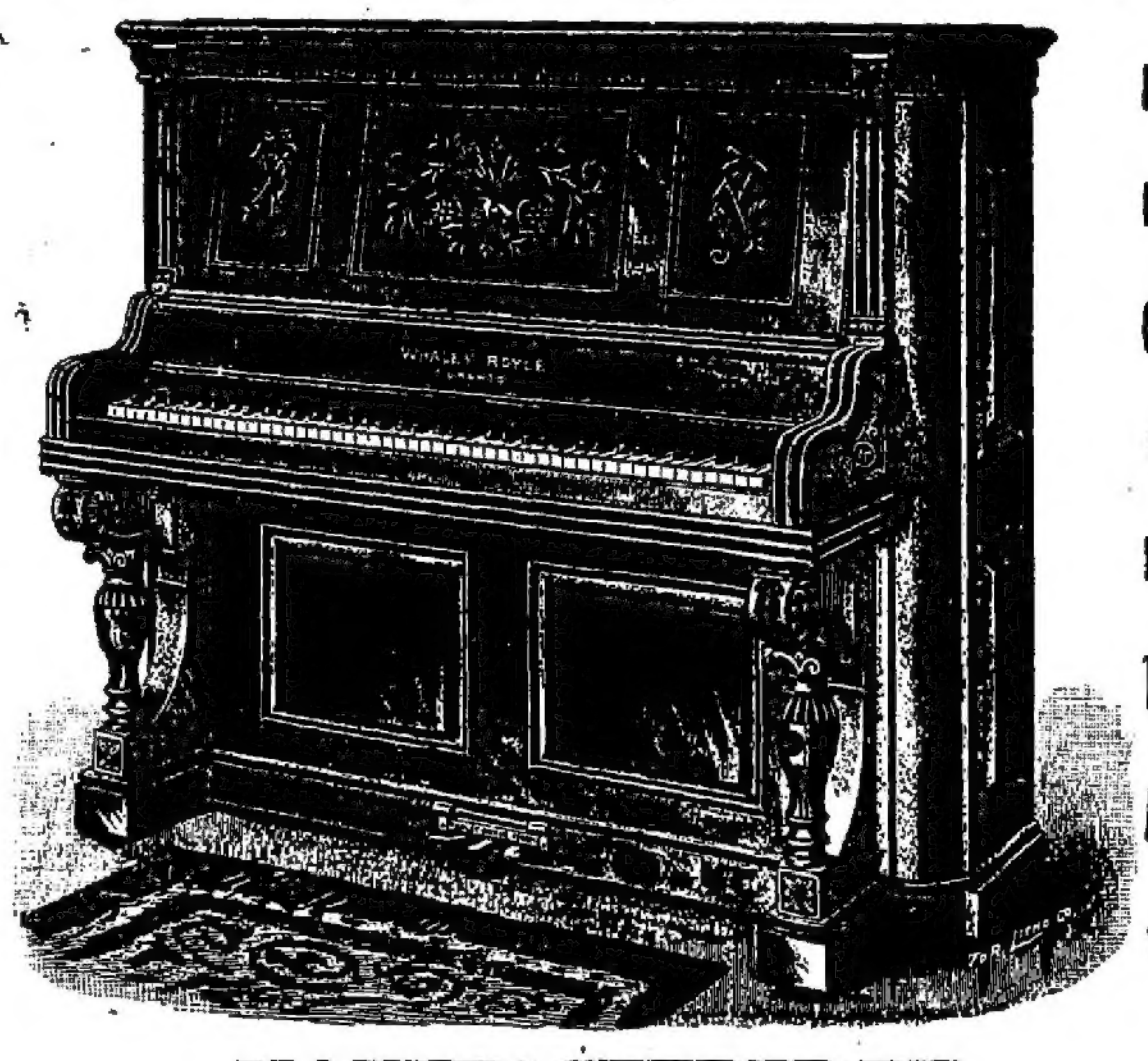
Don't Purchase until you have seen the

New Style

New Scale

Original Design

Whaley-Royce .... PIANO



Rolling Fall

Pat. Swing Desk

CARVED TRUSSES AND PILASTERS

Carved Pane

Full Iron Plate

THIRD PEDAL

Metallic Key Bottom Support

7 Year's Guarantee

MANUFACTURED BY

The WHALEY-ROYCE PIANO CO., Ltd.

WAREROOMS: 158 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Ask your dealer to see them.

For the Ladies' Journal.

SUCCESS.

BY LUCINDA J. BROWN.

SUCCESS! How the pulse thrills! How the heart vibrates at the exulting word! Every young man hopes at some time to achieve success. Man aims at it from the time he steps out of his cradle, till he steps into his grave. This "sublime discontent," as Richter calls it, is the sign of man's elevation above all merely animal life, and a prophecy of his immortality.

Life is to a large extent made up of fragments. Success is due more to the use of the hundred small things, any one of which in itself seems of little importance, but which taken together amount to a great deal, than to one great and startling effort. It is the honest, plodding workman who wins the goal. Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertion we make. Success is the exciting motive to all effort, and its crowning glory. It is equally attainable in every career, to him who uses the right means. Now in the reaching of these great ends in life, energy and concentration of every faculty upon the chosen profession or trade, is of far more real value even than talent.

It is no uncommon thing to see men of talent passed in the race of life, by men apparently their inferiors, for no other reason than that the one concentrated his thoughts and time upon the one object in life, while the other squandered it upon several.

Statistics go far to show that there is only five per cent. of successful men in the different pursuits of life. Why? Because so many waste both time and money in running from one pursuit to another, never sticking to anything long enough to become master of it. 'Tis only the men of one purpose who accomplish much in this world; thousands have failed for no other reason than that they had "too many irons in the fire." Their attention was so divided they could do nothing well. Such is manifestly not the road to success. The foundation of a successful life must be laid early. Among the dangers which most surely militate against success in life, and which should be strictly guarded against is procrastination, indolence and a lack of concentration. As the goldsmith gathers up every grain of the golden ore in which he works, that nothing be lost, so should we all gather up the fragments of time and opportunity. Seize every moment as it flies, grasp every opportunity as it meets us, for these once past are like the water which flows back from the oars, gone forever; and by losing them, we have lost an onward step to the goal.

We are aware that there are those who deny that success in life is pre-eminently desirable. We are not going to moralize on the vanity of human pursuits. We are well aware that worldly success does not always impart the happiness it seemed to promise. Many of the apparently great prizes in life turn out blanks, and the fruit that has the richest rind has often ashes at the core. But this is certain at all events, if happiness is not a concomitant of success, it certainly is not of failure. There are few more pitiful sights in life than a confessedly and uniformly unsuccessful man. Failure hangs out her banner on his face, and is stamped upon his whole personnel. This world will forgive almost anything in a man but repeated failures. A few failures unredeemed will make success well nigh impossible. The path of success was never a smooth, flowery one, bordered by heartsease. It is steeper and thornier now than ever. Nettles and briers of disappointment and failure grow thick along either side; and rocks and bowlders of opposition and adversity strew the way. We must have courage in ourselves. Grasp the nettles firmly and they lose their sting; trample them down and you will be stronger for it.

Do you shrink back at the roughness of the road? Make those bowlders and rocks stepping stones to success--the goal lies beyond. Do not grow discouraged though your progress may be slow. You may slip back now and then, but that is no reason for growing faint-hearted. Pluck and plod are sure to win recognition, and in a true measure success.

For The Ladies Journal.

AN ETCETERA COLUMN.

BY LIZ.

Of all the senses which could be dispensed with the easiest, I believe it would be smelling.

One loves to see! Just close your eyes and think, "If I could not see!" You will find a nerve rebellion that upsets your control.

A strong will can silence a tongue. We know of a person who said they would not speak for a year, and they kept not a "golden" silence but a stubborn one. I have read of a man who made a pretense of being deaf and dumb for years until he acquired the look of watchfulness that attends the real deaf and dumb.

The I will power was as strong as the I wont. But there is no human agency that can close the eyes and say, "Stay closed!" I do not believe the hypnotist could charge those same nerve eyelids to stay closed. There, I have said I don't believe it and in my mind I am wondering. Can they? Could they make one walk around with closed eyelids for a week? Eyes are blessing, and so are ears, but one can think and read if they can't hear.

But what can define that inner structure that meanders around where Aaron wore his breast plate? I mean feelings. They are the most unexplainable things at times; there are symptoms without sufficient cause; effects where I can find no cause. Have you not heard people say, "Dear me! I feel as if something were going to happen." Well, nothing happened and the feeling evaporated--passed where?

Was it only the shadow of trouble that was felt, and did the reality break on some one else?

Is there an invisible aerial cancer that sends down a spider thread with a poisonous touch, and then draws back its fibres to carry more venom, perhaps less, may be none at all to the others on which it descends.

The poison that is left in you and me works wonderful ferment. In the next individual it must have touched a callous vein, and didn't inoculate.

Then some must have an infusion of an antidote and never feel the poison. Is it the happier lot? I think so. But perhaps you are responsible for exposing a weak spot for that sharp eyed something to light on.

You made a fool of yourself—you blundered and said something. It hurt no one more than yourself, but the feelings fermented (with cause this time) and you say, "What a fool I was," with an emphasis on Fool spelt with a capital F. Another individual said its equal and didn't seem to feel he had said anything out of the way. He was not hurt. Oh no! but the listener was. The aggressor did not know it though. It is strangely strange is it not? And the truer the remark the more it wounds:

I think the poisoned venom
Of a cruel cutting speech;
Even when built of bricks of truth
Wounds longest in the breach.

. . . . .

How things change. Are there fashions even in conundrums? It used to be that the riddle would be constituted of numerous words, and the answer of the few. For instance:—

Big at the bottom, small at the top, something in it goes whippyty-whop. (Answer)—A churn. But just notice the style now:—

Why is the wind blind? (Answer)—Because the wind is a zephyr and a zephyr is wool, wool is yarn and a yarn is a tale, a tail is an attachment, an attachment is love, and love is blind.

Now isn't that an awful answer to a conundrum? A simple question to bring such an exposition of the English language. It was never built to guess. One could not fancy or imagine sitting at a winter fireside guessing or even trying to guess riddles like that. I suppose its the latest fashion.

. . . . .

I have at last read "Trilby." The book has had plenty of commendation and lots of hacks contrawise. One woman remarked to me that it was not suitable for any library, yet I can see our Mother Eve in Trilby guiltlessly guilty, innocently ignorant, and humanly human. Strong in the right when she realized it. The three Englishmen were fine in their comradeship. They were a unique trio. How very pleasant their intercourse was, that special part was to me one of the gem settings of the book.

Red Tape.

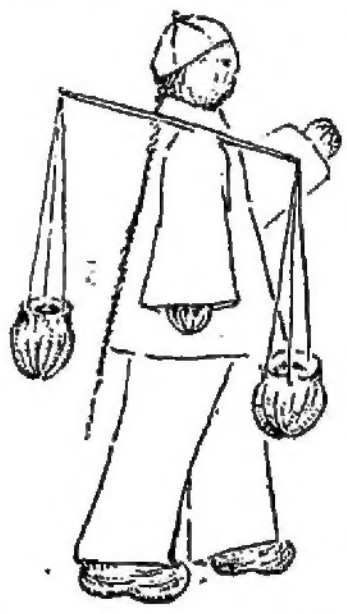
The utter foolishness of many of the regulation that have to be observed in order to receive a little information, or obtain one's rights, has been proven once more in my own case.

Like Mark Twain in his great "Beef Contract" with its multitudinous twists and turns, I have been wrapped in the swaddling clothes of form like a helpless infant and bound hand and foot, heart and brain by the reddest kind of red tape.

It was all about a simple matter too. An innocent looking registered letter addressed to myself as Editor of THE LADIES' JOURNAL came to the office one day in my absence. Now, none of my private correspondence comes to the office. I had previously plead with the powers that be, to give such letters to the business head of the concern in my absence. But here is where the funny business comes in. On a marked slip I was asked to call at the Post Office and bring the slip with me. I did so in no genial frame of mind, plead once more with the H.M.M. that all such business letters be given to their rightful owner and then handed him the slip. With a smile that would do credit to a melon-eating darkey, I was told that I would have to be identified before the letter could be given me. Now, I wasn't pining for the letter and had to go out of my way to call at the Post Office as was demanded of me from the slip. It reminded me of the old game of "Pains" that went something like this. "Bring me that letter." Letter is brought. "Now that you have taken so much pains to bring it, take it back again." Truly a red tape reform is needed.

J. WETHERALD.

The "heathen Chinee" pedler is capitally represented with peanuts, and is as ingenious as anything of its kind. The body, arms and legs can be made like the old-time rag baby, of rolled cloth; and the head and hands, of peanuts, are slipped half into the gathered cloth and secured, but the feet should be sewn on through and through with a fine needle. Make the loose pantaloons and blouse of dark blue cotton. After the wizen face is outlined with paint, cap and queue should be glued to the head.



These men carry their wares in two baskets hung from a pole which rests on one shoulder, looking as they used to in our geographies.

Take a common wooden toothpick and from each end hang with thread the half section of the nutshell, fasten the pole to the shoulder and fill these baskets with tiny wares or leave them empty as you choose.

(Continued from page 3.)

feeble old woman, doffed his hat with an old-time stateliness to her, patted tow-head, and then went up the steps to the store, supporting the old woman with one arm, while the child clung to the other.

"Is that the minister?" asked Caroline.

"Bless you, no, miss; that's Mr. Darwin who gets more out of his land than any man in the place can get out o' his. But, bless him, why wouldn't things prosper for him! If ever there was a saint on this earth! He's not over strong, more's the pity—and ever since his wife died he's been frailer nor ever."

Mrs. Baxter was quite a noted biographer.

CHAPTER IV.

Caroline went into the woods one day, searching for flowers. She felt very peaceful and happy. She gathered the sweet, wild blossoms until her arms were full of dog-tooth violets, and late hepaticas, and fragrant dicentras. Then she went towards home.

"There is a stile over there, if you wish to go out," said someone,—and Caroline looked up to see Mr. Darwin. He had a little lamb in his arms, and was tenderly binding up a broken leg of the little creature.

So he walked towards the village with her, still carrying the wounded lamb, and as they went he told her the names of the flowers, and their manner of growth.

So they became friends, and from that day she was willing to listen at his feet while he talked of the people of Barrow, and he would speak in the kindest way of their little idosyncrasies and foibles, dwelling upon the strength of character of this one, upon the tenderness and sympathy of that one, and upon the latent powers in some other.

"Ah, there are noble possibilities among these people," he would say. And she wondered at his knowledge of human nature, for she felt that he understood it.

She did not realize yet that he was a teacher.

* * * *

It had been the hottest day of the season. The curtains were drawn back from the window in the little house across the way; but the air stood motionless, and a little figure lay panting on the bed. Little tow-head was nigh unto death, and Caroline was bending over him, moistening his fevered brow. His poor, deaf mother was weeping wildly on her husband's breast in an adjoining room, but grandma sat, still and white, by the little bed. Her eyes were fixed in unutterable sorrow upon the child's face, but there was a holy calm upon hers which was not all sorrow. Perhaps she was looking forward to the time when she and little tow-head should walk the fair pastures hand in hand.

"Poor little tow-head!" Presently he looked up and smiled feebly. "That's Car'line!" he whispered—he and Caroline had become fast friends during the past weeks—"My Car'line!" And the words were very sweet to her.

A gentle touch rested on her shoulder. She looked up to see Mr. Darwin.

"Can you bear this?" he whispered.

She nodded, and Mr. Darwin was gone. She heard his voice in the adjoining room, and soon he entered with the parents.

The paroxysms of grief were over, and Heaven seemed almost in the midst of the silent group.

It was over at last, and when the grey dawn stole in past the lilac-bush, Grandma, Caroline, and Mr. Darwin stood alone in the room.

"God bless you, Mr. Darwin," faltered grandma, "what would they do without you?"

But Mr. Darwin stood with folded arms, looking down upon the dead. His face was full of an unutterable sorrow.

"Grandmother," he said, "I once had a little boy, too. He was the image of his mother,"—and Caroline knew that his great heart was with them.

CHAPTER V.

BARROW, August 1st.

Dear Ethel,—As you see I am here still. However, I shall be with you in a fortnight, and how glad I shall be to see you all again!

Yet truly, I shall be lonely in leaving Barrow. How I shall miss Becky, and big, good-hearted Joe, and Grandmother Holden, and Mr. Darwin and all the rest! Do you wonder at this, from the land of Nowhere?

Mr. Darwin is as ever the ministering spirit of the community. Farmer Goldsmith's boys passed a few minutes ago, on their way to get a Latin lesson from him. They are such clever, interesting boys! People say Mr. Darwin intends educating them. He must be particularly interested in Bert, for he said one day, "Bert is an orator. I owe it to the world to push him forward in my stead."

Then Mr. Carnie (the slow farmer)—do you know what I saw him doing the other day?

A woman's husband was killed last week, and people have been about collecting money for the poor woman. Mr. Carnie had just been paid for something, and had a roll of bills in his hand when the collector came up. Mr. Carnie is not at all rich, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him hand over the whole roll.

"All this?" said the collector, and Mr. Carnie, as usual, took time to mop his face with a red bandana. There was a suspicious moisture about his eyes, but he didn't say a word but, "Ya-as. Oh, Lord! Poor Jerry!" Jerry was the man who was killed. Don't be shocked at the exclamation dear; it is life here.

Did I tell you that my violin proved useful in the Sunday-school? There was a great commotion for a week or two among some of the old covenanters. But everyone seems reconciled to it now. Old Deacon Harris told me the other day that he thought the way I held my head "made the fiddle kind o' solemn," but it has been a great help. The singing has improved so much. Good-bye, dear. Just one fortnight longer! Yours, CAROLINE.

The "good-byes" had all been said. Caroline's trunks were carefully bound at the back of the open stage, and Caroline herself was perched on the high, spring seat. The whole village had turned out to see her off—and there was loneliness upon each face. For this dainty, little lady with her bright ways had become a general favorite. Mr. Darwin was the last to shake hands. As he did so, reaching up to her over the boxes, he slipped a paper into her hand.

On the way she read it:

"Child, you do not know what your coming has done for us here. I tell you this that you may see what an influence little things have on the lives of those about you. You have given many of us new views of life. You have unconsciously instilled principles of refinement—which will not soon die out—into the minds of these simple and honest people. Yet you have not been a giver only. You have received more than you can think of from these same simple people. Only an outsider could see the softening process that has been going on in you since you came among them. You will not soon forget Grandmother Holden. God bless you."

When Caroline next heard of Mr. Darwin he was sleeping on the hill-side at Barrow beneath the silent snow. But who can say that his work was not done? Who dare measure the infinitude of his influence?

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN GUILD.

As journalistic visitor to the various philanthropic, educational and charitable institutions, I came, in the course of my wanderings, to a handsome, four-story structure on McGill St., known as the Y. W. C. Guild. The secretary, Miss Bambridge, kindly escorted me through and made the needed explanations.

On entering the Guild building the lobby is found to contain a long table spread with the most attractive current literature. At the right of the doorway is a committee room utilized once a week for the meetings of the Astronomical Society, also for gospel meetings. To the left of the entrance is a double room for the secretary's office, and parlor. Opposite the committee room and the secretary's office is the entrance to the lecture hall. A more beautiful and compact auditorium could rarely be found. The spacious gallery and the main floor slope, so that every seat commands a full view of the platform. At either side of the latter neat dressing rooms are conveniently arranged.

Under the lecture hall is a gymnasium, fully equipped with all necessary apparatus. It is 65 feet long by 45 feet wide. The instructor is Miss M. Thompson, whose class numbers about 35. This class is to take a prominent part in the closing exercises in marching, wand drill, clubs, dumb bells, tableaus, etc.

The Guild parlor is a most beautiful room, running along the whole front of the second floor over the main entrance, the secretary's office and committee room. In it is a lending library of several thousand volumes.

On the second floor there are numerous class rooms, in which are taught elocution, music, (vocal and instrumental) bookkeeping, shorthand, dressmaking and cutting, plain and fancy sewing, writing, English literature, painting and drawing, and in fact about everything that it is necessary for a nineteenth century girl to know.

The writer was privileged to view some exquisite china painting, the work of Miss Porter, whose studio is in one of the brightest of the Guild rooms. In the basement, or really the first story, a practical cooking class is conducted.

Each Monday evening is devoted to the social life of the members of the Y.W.C.G., and on that evening concerts are held, friendly little repasts are served, and members feel particularly in touch with fellow members.

A class lately started is the millinery class, which has an enthusiastic membership.

The indefatigable President of the Guild is Mrs. Harvie, the well-known philanthropist and temperance worker. To her energy and foresight, her indomitable perseverance and her Christian faithfulness, may be attributed much of the Guild's success.

The Guild property, including land is worth some $42,000, and each year since the society was started the balance for current expenses came out on the right side. This speaks volumes in these depressed times.

The Gazette is the organ of the society.

WOMEN'S PROGRESS.

It was decided at the last session of the Ontario Legislature, that women lawyers should be allowed to act as barristers and plead the cases of their clients. The debate was most amusing, several members contending that women had already too strong a foothold in the positions held by men; but Hon. G. W. Ross, the true friend of Canadian women, upheld in a delightful manner our side of the question. "Why should they not act as barristers? The whole world knows they make far better pleaders than the men do."

The session was held about Easter time, and many of the members, remembering the eloquent pleadings of their dear wives and daughters for Easter finery, said never a word more but supported the motion to a man.

THE HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

Many people labor under the delusion that they are close observers, but if questioned only a few minutes after they have apparently been earnestly gazing at an object or window, they will not be able to give a consecutive account of the view. Children should be early taught to observe closely and describe accurately.

I read in Good Housekeeping the other day of an old man's attempt to carry home an accurate description of a wedding. It is worth repeating.

The setting sun illuminated his kindly, thoughtful face as he rode along. Now he wrinkled his brow as a perplexing problem came to him; now slightly smiled as he thought of something that he knew would please "Em'line." His thoughts ran in this wise:

"Let me see. There were seventy-three there. They were married in the parlor and it was fixed up real pretty. The bride and groom stood under an evergreen arch. She had a lot of presents." Here he named over a list of the presents. "John Winslow told me that he was going to sell out his route on the butcher's cart. The measels have broken out in the Barkley district. Sarah Miller had on a new blue silk dress. It had high sleeves and the waist buttoned down in front." Here he became confused from the multitude of scenes that rushed into his mind, and he began all over again. From the last point he then continued: "The minister's wife had on a brown silk. It had high sleeves, and the buttons went kind of zigzag. The minister's daughter wasn't there. She has gone to Boston to spend a week at her aunt's.

Mrs. Winthrop sent her love and says Em'line must be careful about her lame foot. Poll Shepard had on the same dress that she wore at the sociable. John Howe's house got on fire day before yesterday, but they discovered it before it made much headway. It was set by a spark from the stove flying into a basket of clothes. Jennie Green had her hair done up a different way."

As he finished his soliloquy he said to himself, "I guess there'll be enough news to last her a while." Alas, he did not know what was in store for him.

Emmeline Louise listened appreciatively while he recited his carefully prepared list of facts. When he had finished, she said quietly:

"Well, and how was the bride dressed?"

"I—er— I didn't notice—particularly," he hesitatingly answered.

"John Henry Richards! John! Henry! Richards!" She sat up and pointed her finger at him, at the same time transfixing him with her piercing eyes. "Do you mean to tell me that you have been to a wedding and never noticed how the bride was dressed? John! Henry! Richards!"

She paused sufficiently for her words to make a deep impression. If he had had any conception of how the bride's dress looked it totally vanished from his mind now, and he was helpless before his accuser.

"Seem's if—'twas light colored," he stammered.

"I presume so," said she, curling her lip.

"And had—high sleeves," he continued.

"Very likely," grimly.

Beginning to feel a little reassured he further ventured, "Seem's if it dragged behind, but I ain't sure."

"Of course it did," she snapped. "John Henry Richards! To think that you came home from a wedding and couldn't remember the bride's dress! Well, there, I might have known you'd miss the most important part."

ANOTHER CHAMPION OF THE WHEEL.

We venture to assert; that almost as many ladies' wheels have been purchased this spring as gentlemen's. Our sex is gradually waking up to the fact that there is no disgrace in riding a wheel. The dress and manner on a wheel are, of course, more noticeable than on foot, hence these should be quiet.

I feel like pleading with our sex once more to relegate white skirts where they belong, and that is not on a wheel. There are women in this city who are doing more to harm the cyclists' cause, by their abnomal dress, than can be imagined. On a recent lovely Sunday an article, clad in terra-cotta corduroy bloomers, fancy jacket and peaked cap, wheeled up and down Queen St. and caused pedestrians to blush with shame at the sight. Idiotic cyclists of Frenchy style are not all dead yet, but if looks could kill, they certainly would be.

Hear what a prominent Rhode Island lady says about wheeling attire:

"The most comfortable and most becoming attire for a woman on a bicycle, is the simplest one, and of that the underwear is the most important part. Petticoats? Perish the thought! The only compromise possible in this direction is a short, divided skirt of some light material, matching the dress in color. But this would probably take a year off that extra decade of beauty. Woven equestrian tights are the only garb which guarantees the complete ten years."

The outside dress must not be so full as to interfere with the motion of the limbs, nor so scant as to make the outline of the figure too evident. The skirt should be evenly weighted round the bottom to counteract any embarrassing freaks of a sudden gust of wind. The neatest waist is the regular habit bodice, open at the neck for the insertion of a shirt bosom with collar and scarf.

Corsets should be left at home. A hygienic waist and a clear conscience should be the cycle woman's only support. Shoes must be low in the ankle and broad at the toes. As for the hat, repudiate any suggestion of the milliner's show window and wear something severely simple. Mrs. Hopkins suggests the Alpine equestrian hat, for instance, and after one sees the lady "in marching order," as it were, one is very apt to heed any hints she may have to offer.

I have been reading up on the subject of bicycling and suits quite extensively, and must say I have no sympathy with the mannish costumes of knickerbockers and jackets which originated in Paris, and is burlesqued by the prints in the press. A distinctive, modest and comfortable costume should be decided upon for the wheel and I have my little suggestion to make. Beginning with the woven equestrian tights and a pair of easy-fitting tan shoes and stockings of the same shade, I would suggest a dress of any dark shade of cloth with a "sweater" of fine ribbed wool, and a silk sash and visor cap of crimson. This costume is comfortable and neat.

SCHOOL BOARDS AND THEIR IDIOSYNCRASIES.

The chief reason why School Boards have the financial management of the school is apparent when we remember that they are elected by the people who pay the taxes; and the principal argument as to why the teacher must be permitted to engineer the pedagogical part is the fact his licence, his certificate, states expressly that he is competent to do so.

The Board is not in contact with children, they have no opportunity for studying the idiosyncrasies, the habits or the mental constitution of the rising generation such as you have.

If you wish to get along with your Board you must allow them to take care of their own business, and you must study to take care of yours. Old Mrs. Twickenham used to say, you remember, that "Folks what's allez pokin' their noses into other people's business, is forever gettin' of them pinched." The school-master should aim to have a pug-nose in regard to the exclusive affairs of the Board, and he will then be in a position to hold it up proudly for the inspection of the world, with never the mark of a single "pinch" on it.

It's a good plan to study your Board in detail, if you would succeed. There is a wonderful lack of this kind of study among teachers.

They study children, but they seldom study men, and this is the great reason why they become utterly unfit to deal with the world after spending many years in the school-room.

Watch a hog-drover bargaining with a farmer for his fat pork, and you will take a lesson; he takes a mental photograph of the farmer almost the minute he sees him, and knows, as he expresses it in his peculiar language, "just how to strike him."

The store-keeper, the inn-keeper, the saloon-keeper, all study human nature in men, but the school-teacher seldom gets farther along with his man than the days when he first puts on suspenders and sneaks out to try his father's razor in the barn, and he does not often know much of womankind beyond that period when she first ceases to climb trees, and begins to titter over her love letters.

The study of women will be now in order; you see you are very liable to have some of them on your Board this coming year, and you should begin the solemn task of studying them early. Pope said that the proper study of mankind is man, but then he couldn't have known of that very complicated mess which would arise when we began to investigate womankind; for, poor fellow, he never had a wife, his bald-head to the contrary notwithstanding.

Seriously: study your School Board, and try to please them in every matter in which you ought to please them, and gently carry them, like the egg, along with you where your minds run in opposition.

There is one power held by School Boards which interests the teacher in a remarkable degree; namely, the power to raise teachers' salaries. There are too many teachers who attempt to produce this desirable result by continually growling about "low wages," about "hoggish directors," "parsimonious fellows who class a teacher with a farm hand," and such like mutterings. Now, my friends, let me tell you that there never was a single case in which such growling produced a raise of a single nickel in salary, and there are abundant examples of the failure of pedagogues to even secure the old rate because they growled so much. There is but one way to raise your salaries, and that way is to make yourself worthy.

I know two sisters, Mabel and Elsie; Mabel tried to growl herself into a higher salary, and now has no school at any price; Elsie worked night and day to improve her school, she studied her lessons, she studied her children, she studied her directors; she was soon beloved by every child, and her directors have raised her salary ten dollars a month rather than to allow her to take a position in a neighboring township! This is no romance; it is a case from actual experience, and it is so exceedingly illustrative of pedagogical success that I believe it will do good to tell it.

There is one more subject which I would have you study; it is the most difficult study of all. You may find little difficulty in studying children or even men and women, but when it comes to studying yourself, you will find your match! "Man, know thyself" was said years ago by some long-headed fellow, but methinks if he undertook to know himself, he began to pick a lock with more machinery in it than was ever to be found amidst the labyrinthine fastenings of that great gate which is guarded by the three headed Cerebrus!

What a combination you are, and what labor you must expend to pick yourself to pieces and examine every wheel of your cerebrum, and every mainspring of your heart.

The Ladies' Journal.

The only Paper in Canada devoted definitely to the interests of Canadian Women in all branches of their Home and Public Work.

Published the 1st of the month by

The Wilson Publishing Company, Limited

73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

JANE H. WETHERALD, - EDITOR.

Terms, etc.—Subscription Price per annum $1.00. New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Changes.—In changing your Post-Office address always send your old address as well as the new.

Renewals.—Always state whether your subscription is a new one or a renewal.

Discontinuance.—The Publishers must be notified when a Subscriber wants his or her paper discontinued, but no paper will be stopped until all arrearages have been paid.

Remittances.—JOURNAL payments should be made by Post-Office Money Order, Bank Draft on Toronto, or, Express Money Order. When none of these can be secured send the money in a Registered Letter. Make all remittances payable to——

THE WILSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

TORONTO, MAY, 1895.

WOMEN WORKERS.

The festal 18th of April has come and gone, and the women of Toronto have sent forth the work of their hands in the shape of a 40 page edition of The Toronto Daily Globe. All the leading women writers of Ontario, and in fact of the Dominion, contributed to its pages. All the energy with which women are endowed was necessary to make the affair a financial success. It must be understood that this matter was taken up in the first place solely as a money making scheme But women of well-known literary gift took hold of the matter and decided to issue a daily paper that would be a credit to the women of Canada.

This they have done, and done successfully. Had they been allowed to do their work *carte blanche*, they doubtless would have gotten out an expensive issue on highly calandered paper, with half tone photos of leading people of the City, but that is not the correct idea of a daily paper criticism notwithstanding. The special feature of the issue was the vast number of advertisements secured by the ladies.

As the talked-of day arrived excitement increased till the night of the 17th, when upwards of 20 women took possession of the printing office on Richmond St., and literally ruled the roost. Of course they did not take their coats off and sit around in their ——sleeves, neither did they elevate their heels and expectorate indiscriminately, but the probable reason was they desired to set their fellow workers a good example. An efficient staff of reporters, under the able leadership of Faith Fenton, looked after the city news, while telegraph editors and political news editors struggled bravely and succeeded well. At 2 a.m. the last proof had been read and a half-hour's respite was enjoyed. Then all hands went down below to watch the last form stereotyped, and the circular plates put on the press. It was an exciting moment, and when the papers came rolling off that marvellous piece of mechanism, a Potter printing press, at the rate of about six in a second, we all gave a cheer, a feminine one 'tis true, but still a cheer. The first copy was presented to Mrs. Dixon, the editor-in-chief, and the second to Mrs. McDonell, the business manager, who so ably performed her part and kept the financial wheels all whirling. Thus ended the six or eight weeks of arduous labor; but all were content, for now it can no longer be said, "Oh, Canadian women have no business capacity."

The proceeds of sales and advertising go to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Toronto Y.M.C.A.

JUNE JOURNAL.

In addition to the regular features an able article on June Wild Flowers, from the pen of Mrs. Gilchrist, of Toronto Junction, a well known botanist and authority on the subject, will appear. The article will probably be illustrated.

SOLUTIONS OF SCRIPTURE ENIGMA NO. 3.

The answers literally poured in during the all too short time of receiving the paper and the date for closing the competition, April 15th.

In out next competition we will hold the page open until June 20th, thus making it possible for far away subscribers to compete as well as those close at hand. The answers were uniformly correct, but it is a mistake to suppose, as "Karos," one of our competitors has done, that a correct answer is necessarily a prize winner. Writing, composition and general style are all taken into consideration as well as the correctness of the answers. Again we must state that prize winners are allowed to compete, but preference will be given to new competitors. After a careful examination of the answers the following classification was made.

First Prize—Ladies' open faced silver watch—Hannah Dunkerly, 140 Cumberland St., Toronto.

Second Prize—Gold ring set with gems—Mrs. W. H. Shrapnell, Napier.

Third Prize.—A book, one of the high class Oxford Series. -Edith Carscadden, Bowmanville.

Excellent.—Mr. John Armstrong, Dante; (Mr. A.'s solution was beautifully executed, but as he has already been awarded a prize, new competitors are given the preference,) John Waddell, 26 Kensington Cres., Toronto; Maud C. Maxwell, St. Stephen, N. B.

Very Good.—Florence Birch, Owen Sound; E. R. McMullin, Essex; Claudia B. Zavitz, Sherkston, Ont.; Lena McLeod, Severn Bridge; Marguerite Daly, 51 Carlton St., Toronto; M. J. Davis, Cayuga; Agnes Lucas, Campania; Marion Laurie, Corbett; Golda Hayden, Coburg; Minnie Platt, Phelpstown.

Good. -Karos, Detroit; R. L. Riwch, Newcastle; Kate Buxton, Bowmanville; Grace A. Silcox, Embro; Louie Oliver, St. Mary's; Margaret Hemsted, 331 Shaw St., Toronto; Georgina Smith, Haley Station, Ont.

Fair. -Hilda Gurney, Weston; Clarissa May Elliott, Porter's Hill.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA NO. 3.

Huldah.—2 Kings xxii. 14.

1. Hushai—2 Sam. xvii. 14.
2. Uphaz—Dan. x. 5.
3. Levi—Mark ii. 14.
4. Dan—Rev. vii. 5-8,
5. Agabus—Acts xxi. 10
6. Humility -Prov. xv. 33.

CHEERY CLIPPINGS.

THE BEST.

I consider THE LADIES' JOURNAL one of the best periodicals published and do not wish to be without it.

M. ADAMSON.
Fern Glen.

A MAN'S OPINION.

I beg to thank you for the beautiful souvenir spoon. I have received your JOURNAL for a period of twelve years; and as I supposed it to be published for women only, I seldom looked at its contents. Lately my attention was called to a Scripture enigma, which led me to read the magazine. I found it uncommonly racy, brimming over with spicy articles, elegant, elevating, interesting and instructive for all classes of society.

JOHN WADDELL,
26 Kensington Ave.

DELIGHTED WITH IT.

We take your JOURNAL, and are delighted with it. I only wish it came twice every month. I wish you all success with your beautiful paper. JESSIE LOWRY,
Marathon.

A WOMAN'S PAPER.

Your JOURNAL is just what the women of Ontario have long been in need of--one that touches on every sphere of woman's work and can therefore easily find a place in every household. ANNIE MACMURCHY,
Nobleton, Ont.

MUST HAVE IT.

I would not be without the JOURNAL if I had to pay twice the money for it.

MRS. THOS. SUTHERLAND,
Port Huron.

OUR PREFERENCE COLUMN.

The following list of questions has been compiled for the purpose of getting our subscribers' opinions upon the various topics given. This feature of the paper may be made of great interest if readers are only willing to give their opinions on the various interesting topics suggested below.

THE QUESTIONS.

1. What is your favorite occupation?
2. " " " pastime?
3. " " " study?
4. Who " " preacher? (Canadian)
5. " " " lecturer?
6. " " " actor or actress?
7. What " " magazine?
8. " are your privileges?
9. " " environments?
10. " " methods for punishing your children?
11. " " " " putting them to sleep?
12. What is your favorite food for children under two years? (aside from nature's supply).
13. What is your "Thorn in the Flesh"?
14. What is your aim in life?

---

1. Singing.
2. Travelling.
3. Nature.
4. Elder W. Pollard.
5. R. J. Burdette.
6. Miss Jessie Alexander.
7. THE LADIES' JOURNAL.
8. Studying.
9. A home on a farm and a garden of wild flowers.
13. That I'm not what I would like to be.
14. To live a good and noble life.

ALBERTA MCCOLL,
Corval, Ont.

---

1. Helping others up-ward.
2. Fancy needle-work.
3. Human nature.
4. Rev. Mr. McLaren.
5. Rev. Dr. Campbell.
6. Have none.
7. THE LADIES' JOURNAL.
8. Plenty of work, health to do it.
9. Kind friends and neighbors.
10. Making them wait at meal-time.
11. Rocking and singing softly.
12. Lactated food.
13. Bashfulness.
14. To work for the uplifting of humanity.

JESSIE LOWRY,
Marathon Ont.

---

1. Going to school.
2. Drawing.
3. Geography.
4. Rev. Mr. Bedford.
5. My mother.
6. Have none.
7. THE LADIES' JOURNAL.
8. To be useful as well as ornamental.
9. The beautiful Beaver valley.
10, 11 and 12 omitted.
13. Bashfulness.
14. To enjoy myself.

MAGGIE MCMORRIS,
Heathcote, Ont.

---

1. Sewing.
2. Reading.
3. Economy.
4. Rev. J. S. Ross.
5. Dr. McIntyre.
6. Have none.
7. Ladies' Home Journal.
8. To have anything I wish for.
9. Two children who are instances of perpetual motion.
10. Deprivation of favors.
11. Rocking babies--older ones go to sleep alone.
12. Robinson's Patent barley.
13. Lack of patience with children.
14. To be so good that my children will idolize me. Ditto, my husband.

Yours, etc.,
VERNA.

Our Page of Original Articles.

For the Ladies' Journal.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

BY ELLA M. TRIMBLE.

OUR correspondents:—Judge Dunbar, of Kingston; Miss Kate Dunbar, his daughter; Miss Nellie Dunbar, his sister, of Mapleville; Mr. Charles Devine, Miss Kate's betrothed.

Miss Kate to Miss Nellie Dunbar:

MY DEAREST AUNT:—We start for New Hampshire in the morning. How I wish you were going too. We expect to meet our English friends, the Conants, there. I am sorry poor Charlie can't come with us, but here is a piece of news for you. He is going to spend the summer in Mapleville. I am sending a letter of introduction to you by him. Use him well for my sake. Love to Grandma. Yours lovingly,

KATE.

Miss Nellie to Miss Kate Dunbar:

. . . . By this time you are, of course, settled down to a summer of enjoyment. I would that I were with you, but my post is beside mamma. Your poor Charlie, as you call him, has been with us twice since his coming here. We are, I am afraid, but a dull family, after you and all his city friends. However we will entertain him to the best of our ability, whenever he can spare time to visit us. . . .

Mr. Devine to Miss Kate Dunbar:—

. . . . There must be something seriously wrong with the postal system between here and the White Mountains. I haven't had a letter from you for nearly two weeks. Do telegraph or telephone me, or come to me. I have haunted the office mail bag, until they think I am expecting a legacy or a reprieve for the summer. . . . Why didn't you tell me your aunt was young? Why she looks younger than yourself even. I fully expected to meet a dear old maiden aunt. . . . . I do hope the time will not be long till these summer excursions of yours will be undertaken with me as your sole guardian. . . .

Mr. Devine to a friend:—

MY DEAR TOM,—Imagine a fellow pegging away in a dusty, fusty, law office with all his friends enjoying themselves in the various parts of the earth, where pleasure and fellow idlers are to be found for and with the money. . . . Judge Dunbar's stepmother resides here. Her stepdaughter, the Judge's youngest sister, lives with her. I was somewhat surprised when I first called at their home, for I had anticipated meeting a benign maiden aunt, in Miss Dunbar. But behold a dainty young maiden, pretty beyond the ordinary, and looking not a day over nineteen. I fancy she has not the most pleasant life of it, for Mrs. D. is, between you and me, rather—well, fussy. . . .

Miss Kate to Mr. Devine:—

. . . . . So you were surprised when you saw Aunt Nellie? You are not quite complimentary to me, sir, when you say she is younger looking than I, for I can assure you she is twenty nine and I am, oh! within years of that you know. Our English friends, the Conant's, are here, and some of their friends who came with them. We are going from here to Hot Sulphur Springs. I am looking forward to a lovely time. I know it is lonesome for you, Charlie, with all of us enjoying ourselves so far away. And you wrote that you hoped I would travel under your guardianship soon or something to that effect. Now I have been thinking how very satisfactory everything is as it is. Don't you think so, too? We are so sure we love one another and we are so very satisfied and content that it makes one almost afraid that marriage may not prove so eminently satisfactory. However, we are not going to try it for a while yet, are we dear? It would be a pity to spoil our present harmony by anything untried and indefinite for some time to come. . . .

Miss Kate to Miss Nellie:—

. . . These friends of the Conant's are such lovely people. There is the mother, two daughters and a son. The son is about the handsomest man I've ever seen and so distinguished in his manner. We are all going in one party to the Springs. I am so glad they have changed their plans and are going with us. How is Charlie getting on? I hardly ever find time to write him, and his letters are often unopened in my hurry. I'll have to make it up to him by extra devotion when I go back, I suppose. Go back—I hate to think of this summer ever ending. Charlie is such a fussy old poke sometimes. I must give him some of these English gentlemen's ideas of smartness—if I can. I'd like to hear him pay compliments with the grace and the ease of Mr. Rivers.

Mr. Devine to his friend:—

. . . Here, to put it briefly, is the situation. Have I been a fool to engage the affections of Kate, only child of Judge Dunbar? Can I for years to come afford to give her the position she would care to fill? May not this engagement be a hindrance to her marrying a man who will be able to indulge all her fancies, who can travel or stay in a luxurious home as he sees fit? And to heighten my doubts, or I should say to deepen them, comes the thought, does she really care for me or is this love she professes to have, but the first passing fancy of a young girl? For, my dear Tom, I confess to you only, that she has written but three times during all this summer, and in one letter she hinted plainly that marriage was not at all to her taste for an indefinite time to come. . . .

Miss Nellie to Miss Kate:

. . . . I am going to say a few serious words. They will not, or rather, they ought not, to interfere with your present pleasure, for if all is as I trust, your heart is here, and so your pleasures are not unalloyed. Do you think, dear girl, that you are using Charlie just as you ought? Mamma worried him into confessing that he very seldom hears from you and to judge from his face he was taking it quite to heart. Be careful, my dear. The friendship of a day is not to be weighed for one moment against the love of a man with whom you expected to spend a lifetime. In family, if not in wealth, Mr. Devine, I know, is the equal at least of those English people, or of the Dunbars. Your father recognized that fact when he consented to your engagement. If it were not for that stupid will which forbids him resigning anything until his death I know your father would settle enough upon you to make you independent of Charlie's profession at once. I would that it could be so and that you were happily married to him, for I am sure he could make any woman happy. . . .

Mr. Devine to his friend:—

Many thanks, Tom, for that cheering letter of yours. The tragedy or the comedy, whichever it may prove, is deepening in interest from the fact that I have discovered that had I never become engaged to Miss Kate Dunbar I should speedily have found, I believe, that Miss Nellie Dunbar is a woman who could make any man happy. May the end of the summer cure me of this new madness.

Miss Kate to her aunt:—

. . . . I am so dissatisfied it is spoiling all my fun. Papa is beginning to scold me for being so frequently in Mr. Rivers' company, and when he notices anything of that kind—well. Then you must send me a scolding too. If you think Charlie would make any woman happy, I do wish you would marry the stupid old thing yourself. Seriously, dear auntie, I am almost afraid my engagement to Charlie was a dreadful mistake. We should have thought it over longer. We were much too hasty. I know he is honorable and nice and all that, but think of all I shall have to give up. I am really afraid that some day I shall get thinking it over so strongly that I shall break with him entirely.

The same to the same:—

What do you think? Mr. Rivers proposed to me last night. It was so dreadful of me to have led him on so far, considering that I am engaged. Oh, I don't know what to do. I wish this had happened last summer.

And yet another:—

I have accepted Mr. Rivers. I could not do anything else, for I love him with all my heart. Papa is furious. Calls him a fortune hunter and lots of equally bad names. I have mamma on my side, though. I am awfully sorry for Charlie, but so glad to find I had made a mistake before it was too late.

Mr. Devine to his friend:—

MY DEAR TOM,—The expected, the half-feared, half-hoped-for has come to pass. My fiancee has written, with many regrets for me, that she is engaged to another man. As a rule girls break off with the first before they definitely decide on another, but Miss Kate and her mother don't do business that way. A rich and aristocratic Englishman is not to be compared to a penniless barrister. Excuse me, old fellow, if I seem rude, but it naturally cuts a man up to be thrown aside so easily. . . . I find my very fear that I should love Miss Nellie and so be untrue to Kate, has sent me headlong into loving her. Therefore I cannot seriously regret Miss Kate's change of mind. It's a delicate point to handle, though. A fellow cannot be too precipitate without a certain loss of self-respect. . .

Miss Kate to Miss Nellie after some weeks:—

So you are going to marry Charlie Devine. Well I hope you may be happy. You can't put any trust in some men, though. I dare say he was flirting all summer with you, though, as you were my aunt and knew that he was engaged to me I think you might have respected that fact. But you are more suited to him than I was, in age anyway. Poor Charlie must be at least ten or maybe twelve years older than I. Aren't you a little afraid to begin housekeeping on Charlie's small income? I am sorry we cannot be at the wedding. Our time is so taken up in preparation for my own marriage which must, of course, be in proper accordance with Mr. Rivers' wealth and position. Papa is so cross and stingy I can't understand him at all. I think if I were you I would be pretty sure of Charlie's love before I leaned too much on it. A fellow who could forget a girl as quickly as Charlie has pretended to forget me is not to be trusted. . . .

Judge Dunbar to his sister:—

From the bottom of my heart I wish you happiness, you and Charlie. I am sorry my foolish little daughter did not see his worth while she could, though I am afraid she would have made his life a burden. But poor child I fear she will learn her bitter lesson now. It seems that our fine Englishman is wholly dependent upon his mother's whims and fortune. On her part she wants to be rid of her expensive son and to hand him on to an heiress was the proper thing. When it came to making settlements and she found that my hands were pretty well tied, she weakened. In the meantime my wife is in hysterics and Kate in the sulks. Her Englishman hasn't as much intelligence as her pug. I can't bear to thwart my daughter, yet how can I see her throw herself away. It is but the glamor of a supposedly brilliant wedding that is attracting her. When, after a while, she sees Rivers in all

his shallowness and meets, as I know she will, someone worthy of her, she will thank me for doing my duty now. We intend coming home for your wedding, at least my wife and I will be there. Kate will do as she chooses about attending.

Three days later :—

Mrs. Dunbar and myself will be in Mapleville next week. Kate is going to Europe for six months with the Conants. The Rivers' procession departed for California this morning.

For the Ladies Journal.

Calendars.

BY AROLF.

The calendar has become a thing of beauty, and likely to be a joy forever, as every year increases its numbers. Thousands of varieties, in as many shapes and colors, greet us each succeeding new year. They are not only a thing of beauty to please, but they assist the memory, and in many instances they have become real educators. Those exquisite home calendars are works of art. Each page a study of beautiful flowers, from the tiny forget-me-not to the huge chrysanthemum, or perhaps 'tis a well known, though departed, but never to be forgotten face that looks out from one corner. Another has a famous battle scene for decoration, with an intelligent synopsis of the combat on the back; and still another contains historical buildings of all ages that delight the eye. Last, but not least, come the taking home scenes, beautiful landscapes, lovely children in all conceivable costumes, executing innumerable inconceivable pranks, charming girls, who never fail to attract, and fin de siecle young ladies making monstrous attempts at accomplishing airy nothings. Add to these the representation of the faithful dog, and the ever interesting flock of sheep, in fact, the calendar decoration includes almost the entire category of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms except the "dude" and possibly he may yet acquire weight sufficient to hold down a corner in a miniature calendar.

In Memory of Aggie Moffatt, (Woodland Violet.)

But now she's gone, her spirit's fled
And she is numbered with the dead;
No more we'll hear her cheerful voice,
No more she'll make our hearts rejoice.

Her years were few, they soon were gone,
Her Saviour called her early home;
He called her from this world below
To dwell beyond the reach of woe.

Long time she bore the afflicting rod,
Still smiling at the hand of God,
Resigned to bear His righteous will,
If he would kindly keep her still.

In all her sufferings Christ was near
Enabling her His will to bear;
And when the end of pain was come,
His angels came and bore her home.

He had a place prepared above
Where she might dwell in perfect love;
She waves the palm of victory now,
And wears a crown upon her brow.

At Boston Church her body lies,
Waiting the summons from the skies;
Waiting the final trumpet's sound,
To call her body from the ground.

Accomplished Girls.

Too many girls nowadays have a wrong notion of what it means to be "accomplished." They seem to have the idea that it means to distribute themselves over all the different attainments and graces of society, forgetting that an "accomplishment" is only what the word implies and means : an acquirement, an attainment, something which is perfected. The trouble is that we are too apt to speak of a girl having "accomplishments"; if we used the word more in the singular sense we would come closer to our true meaning.

Our Mother.

Hundreds of stars in the lovely sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of flowers in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother, the wide world over.

MY DEAR LITTLE BIRDLINGS,—Up at old mother bird's home there are two little nests with four of the prettiest eggs in each you ever saw. Two little yellow feathered mammas are covering those pretty eggs so close and snug, and two fond papa birds are feeding their pretty yellow mates and taking such good care of them that very likely in a few days there will be tiny little canaries jumping out of the little blue shell houses, and then how happy all will be. My dear birdlings your old mother bird never was one to count chickens before they were hatched, but she feels pretty sure of the nestlings she is telling you of, so next month she will tell you of these little birdies.

Lovingly yours,
OLD MOTHER BIRD.

The Boy Who Loves His Mother.

When Curtiss, the photographer, got down to his studio a few mornings ago, he found a diminutive, tattered and very dirty little boy waiting for him, with a boot-black's kit slung on his shoulder. With an inimitable tough drawl the boy said : "Say, Mr. Coitiss, I came ter git me tintype taken. I want ter send it ter me mudder, wot lives way off. See ?"

Mr. Curtiss said : "I don't take tintypes, my boy. Why don't you go to a tintype gallery ?"

"Aw, Mr. Coitiss, youse de only pitchertaker I knows. See, Mr. Coitiss," he wheedled, "here's de stuff I've been savin ter git a pitcher ter send ter me mudder. Youse ken have it all." And he opened his grimy, sweaty little paw, in which reposed a silver dime and a cent.

"All right," said Curtiss, "come in, and I'll take your picture. You needn't pay me with money. What can you do ?"

"Say, Mr. Coitiss, I kin do anythin. I'm a wise kid. Dey ain't no flies on me."

He was lifted into a chair, and his feet didn't come within a foot of the floor. He was trembling with excitement and his teeth glistened in a line of white against his dirty face. After the shutter clicked and he was told it was "all over" he laughed and said : "Huh, dat ain't nuttin. I cud do dat meself, Mr. Coitiss."

He was put to work cleaning the globes on the chandeliers to pay for his pictures, and during the afternoon disappeared. About 6 o'clock he came back and said : "I had ter go after me 3 o'clocks. Here's a poipy I saved fer you, Mr. Coitiss." And he drew a rumpled dirty paper from under his coat.

When the pictures were finished and handed to him, he said : "Hully gee ! Ain't dat outer sight ? Won't de old lady be proud uv her Cholly boy when she gits dis ? Say, Mr. Coitiss, me mudder's a good old lady,and she's got six more kids ter wash for, so I t'ought I'd skip."

One of the pictures was mailed to "de good old mudder" and the boy had one for himself. He looked at it admiringly for a moment and then said : "Say ! Won't dis kill de kids at de Junction dead when I show it to 'em ? Aw, say ! Photograffed by Coitiss. Where's me chrysanthemum, Cholly ?" and he strutted out.

A Shining Example.

Charity from a bootblack to a blind beggar :

"Have your shoes shined ?" sang out a small boy near the Union station, among the throng of rural passengers just from the train.

A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitating, for he had not much more money in his pocket than blacking on his shoes. But to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblacks hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was complete the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity ; for at heart he did not care how his boots looked. But, as he was pulling himself together for a new start,he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar who sits behind the railroad fence, and drop a dime in his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked the young man.

"Yer see," said the boy, "that wus me tenth dime terday—an' me teacher, at Sabbath-school, she told me I oughter give a tenth of all I makes ter the Lord. An' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord, so I give it to him—see ?"

Blue, Green and Yellow.

"Oh, it is beautiful ; it makes up for so many deficiencies down below !" cries one heart, looking up at the broad expanse of the sky.

"The sky ? Why, it's only blue, my dear, only blue !" replies the other. "What more can you make of it than that ?"

"It is such a pleasure to step upon the grass ! It is so springy, yet so soft and yielding to the feet. And the color rests my eyes so ! The sweep of grass there along the river always makes me see clearer."

"Why, my dear woman," answers the matter-of-fact Mrs. Gradgrind, "it is nothing but grass, and green at that."

"Do you know," says the first speaker, turning about suddenly—"did you ever consider exactly what a smile meant ?"

"A smile ?" enquired the matter-of-fact one, somewhat taken aback. "A smile means affection, or amusement, or encouragement. If it is sincere, it means a thousand things, and may beautify or glorify a plain face."

"My love," coolly responds the enthusiast, "you are greatly mistaken. A smile is nothing more than a contraction, greater or less, of certain muscles of the face. I can't say I am intimate enough with physiology to tell you exactly the Latin names of the muscles, but I know that's just what it is—when you leave the sentiment out. And that seems to be the method you insist upon adopting."

Then the unsentimental Mrs. Gradgrind laughed greatly. "It's a case of—

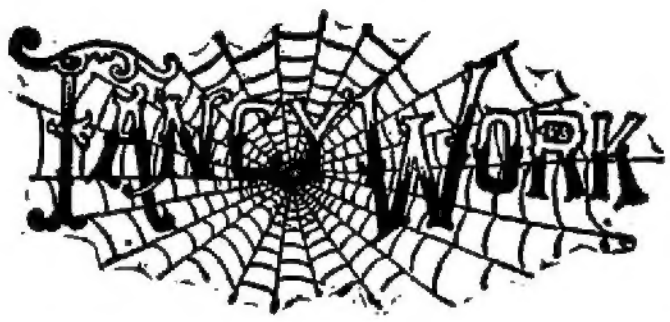
'A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more !'

Is that what you think ?"

"More than that. If I find the primrose heavenly, you have no moral right to disturb my illusion by reminding me that it is only yellow I think that as well."

Codfish Balls.

Pick two cupfuls of codfish into pieces, cover with cold water, let stand half an hour. Drain, pour boiling water over and let stand on the fire ten minutes. Pour off the water, press the codfish dry, mix with two cupfuls of boiled, mashed potatoes, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream and a salt-spoonful of pepper. Form into balls, dip first in beaten egg, then in grated, stale bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat.

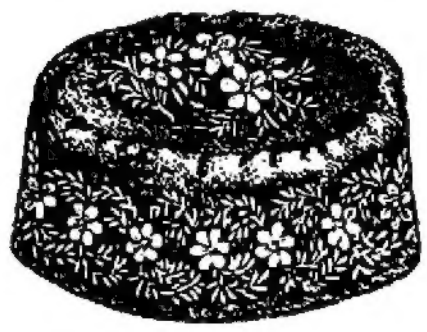


Smoking Cap.

We give this pretty design for a smoking cap at the request of a subscriber. The model cap is black lady's cloth embroidered with yellow Roman floss. The lining is black silk, and the band is slightly stiffened. The full size detail of the embroidery for the crown shows all the work done in outline, but we would advise solid or long and short for the flowers, and outline for the vine.

Crocheted Insertion and Lace for Bedspread.

To own a fancy bedspread is quite au fait now-a-days; for the guest chamber at least, one is quite indispensable. The illustrations show a choice design to be crocheted and made up with a stripe of drawn-work or scrim, or if one has a fancy for color, some of the pretty linens embroidered with white Roman floss in an open running pattern is quite effective. The blue linen comes in the most delicate shades, but it is well to be governed by the decorations of the room in which it is placed; the stripes of any material employed should be twice the width of the insertion, as they will hold the bedspread in shape better.



SMOKING CAP.

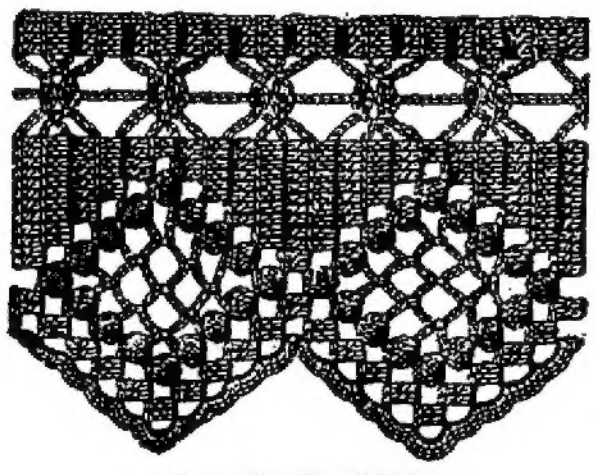
The same design can also be used for a bureau scarf, combined with wide satin or moire ribbon; one row of the insertion in the centre with a width of ribbon on each side, the lace sewed across the ends; a pale shade of cerise is striking and attractive, especially if ecru thread is used; to match the scarf a cover for a pincushion can be made in the same manner, the lace sewed all around a square of ribbon and insertion. Crochet is so much resorted to for making dainty articles for the boudoir and bedchamber, that one must be out of touch with the times not to possess something fashioned in its manifold devices.

INSERTION—With the Glasgow Twilled Lace Thread make 47 chain.

First row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 12 d c, 2 ch, 12 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c.

Second row—3 ch, 4 d c, 16 ch, 10 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 10 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Third row—3 d c, 16 ch, 8 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 8 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c.



EDGE FOR BEDSPREAD.

Fourth row—3 ch, 4 d c, 16 ch, 6 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 10 ch, fasten in ch of preceding row, 10 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 6 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Fifth row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 10 ch, fasten, 10 ch, fasten, 10 ch, 5 d c for rosette, repeat previous row.

Sixth row—Repeat 4th row to 2 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 10 ch, fasten, repeat four times, 5 d c for rosette, repeat beginning of row.

Seventh row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 2 d c in top of 2 d c, 2 d c in space, 2 ch, repeat fifth row.

Eighth row—3 ch, 4 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c, 2 d c in space, repeat fourth row.

Ninth row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 6 d c, 2 d c in space, repeat third row.

Tenth row—3 ch, 4 d c, 16 ch, 8 d c, 2 d c in space, repeat second row.

Eleventh row—Repeat first row.

For the chain rope running through the long chains from the centre of the first 16 ch; 9 ch,* fasten in the centre of fourth 16 ch; pass needle under first and fourth 16 ch, 1 ch, fasten, bring needle out over second 16 ch, 9 ch, * repeat from * to * to end of insertion on both sides.

LACE—Chain 30.

First row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 12 d c, 2 ch, 2 d c, 2 ch, fasten in last st.

Second row—5 ch, 2 d c in first loop, 2 ch, 5 d c in second loop, holding each d c on the needle and drawing last slip st through 5 d c, 2 ch, 10 d c on top of 12 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c in top of 3 d c.

Third row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 8 d c on top of 10 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c in space for rosette, as in 2nd row, 5 ch, a second rosette in next space, 2 ch, 2 d c in last space.

DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY FOR SMOKING CAP.

Fourth row—5 ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten in centre of ch on last row, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette in next space, 2 ch, 6 d c on top of 8 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

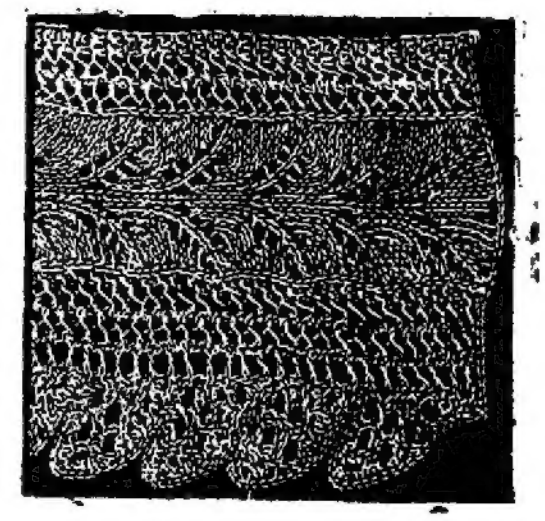
Fifth row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 4 d c on top of 6 d c, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten in centre of ch on last row, 10 ch, fasten in next ch, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c in space.

Sixth row—5 ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten in centre of ch in last row, 10 ch, fasten in next space, 10 ch, fasten in next space, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c on top of 4 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Seventh row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 2 d c on top of 2 d c, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten in centre of ch in last row, 10 ch, fasten in next space 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c in last space.

Eighth row—5 ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 5 ch, fasten in centre of ch, 5 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c in space, 4 d c on top of 4 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Ninth row—3 ch, 3 d c, 16 ch, 6 d c in top of 6 d c, 2 d c in space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, in



FERN-LEAF LACE.

1st space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette in second space, 2 ch, 2 d c in next space.

Tenth row—5 ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 5 d c for rosette, 2 ch, 2 d c in space, 8 d c, 16 ch, 3 d c.

Eleventh row—Repeat first row.

For edge of lace—6 ch from first to second loop and repeat to each 2 d c; on the return row 6 s c in each space. Work the chain rope as directed for the insertion.

Fern-Leaf Lace.

Do not use too fine needles, and use No. 30 crochet thread, or No. 20 spool thread for a trimming that will wear well. 35 st.

First row—K 3, o, n, o, n, n, k 5, o, k 1, o, k 1, o, k 1, o, k 5, n, k 1, o, n, o, n, o twice, n, k 1 o twice, n k 1.

Second row—K 3, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 1, o, n, o, n, p 2 tog, p 15, p 2 tog, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 2.

Third row—K 3, o, n, o, n, n, k 4, o, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 1, o, k 4, n, k 1, o, n, o, n, o twice, n, k 6.

Fourth row—K 2, o twice, n, o twice, n, k 2, p 1, k 1, o, n, o, n, p 2 tog, p 15, p 2 tog, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 2.

Fifth row—K 3, o, n, o, n, n, k 3, o, k 1, o, k 5, o, k 1, o, k 3, n, k 1, o, n, o, n, o twice, n, k 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2.

Sixth row—K 11, p 1, k 1, o, n, o, n, p 2 tog, p 15, p 2 tog, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 2.

Seventh row—K 3, o, n, o, n, n, k 2, o, k 1, o, k 7, o, k 1, o, k 2, n, k 1, o, n, o, n, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, n, o twice, n, o twice, n, o twice, n, k 1.

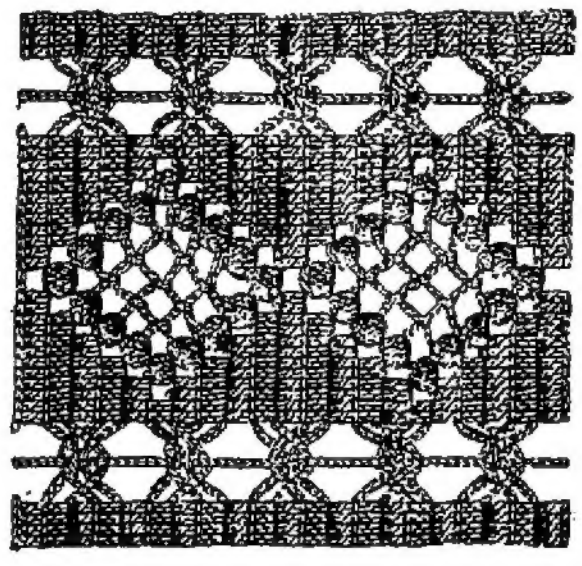
Eighth row—K 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 1, o, n, o, n, p 2 tog, p 15, p 2 tog, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 2.

Ninth row—K 3, o, n, o, n, n, k 1, o, k 1, o, k 9, o, k 1, o, k 1, n, k 1, o, n, o, n, o twice, n, k 15.

Tenth row—Slip and bind 12 st; k 4, p 1, k 1, o, n, o, n, p 2 tog, p 15, p 2 tog, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 2.

Repeat from first row for length required.

The insertion is made like the lace, omitting the scallop.



INSERTION FOR BEDSPREAD.

My Daughter's Learned to Cook.

We used to have old-fashioned things, like hominy and greens,
We used to have just common soup, made out of pork and beans;
But now it's bouillon, consomme, and things made from a book,
And Pot au Feu and Julienne, since my daughter's learned to cook.

We used to have a piece of beef just ordinary meat,
And pickled pigs-feet, spareribs, too, and other things to eat;
While now it's fillet and ragout, and leg of mutton braised,
And macaroni au gratin, and sheep's head Hollandaised;
Escallops a la Versailles a la this and a la that,
And sweetbread a la Dieppoise—it's enough to kill a cat!
But while I suffer deeply, I invariably look
As if I were delighted 'cause my daughter's learned to cook.

We had a lot of salad things, with dressing mayonnaise,
In place of oysters, Blue Points, fricasseed a dozen ways,
And orange Roley Poley, float, and peach meringue, alas—
Enough to wreck a stomach that is made of plated brass!
The good old things have passed away, in silent, sad retreat;
We've lots of highfalutin things, but nothing much to eat,
And while I never say a word, and always pleasant look,
You bet I've had dyspepsia since my daughter's learned to cook.

Fruit for Breakfast.

A great addition to any breakfast is fruit of some sort. It may be eaten first or last as one chooses, or with the meal if cooked. A half an orange eaten first will frequently spur a flagging appetite and lead to the eating of a nourishing meal.

Oranges, especially when they are given to children, should be cut across through the centre and eaten with a spoon. By this method the indigistible pulp is left in the skin, and children are kept cleaner for the rest of the meal. Shaddocks may be served in the same way, half a one for each person. Many prefer to eat them with sugar on account of their slightly bitter taste.

Grapes also serve as an incitement to the appetite; apples and bananas less so. Half a banana is usually sufficient to begin a breakfast with. This fruit should not be given at all to very young children. It should always be thoroughly masticated.

Berries in their season are delicious served with the oatmeal or wheat, and really benefit one more, I suppose, than when eaten with almost any other meal.

In the absence of fresh fruits, stewed fruits are very nice. Stewed prunes make a pleasant addition to a breakfast.

Hot baked apples are simply delicious as a breakfast dish. The apples should be cored with a round corer, placed in a buttered baking dish, with a little water and the holes in the centre filled with sugar, and milk, or sugar and cream.

Stewed apple is also very nice, especially with pork steak. Fried apples are a pleasant addition to sausage or bacon.

A Group of Fresh Salads.

The housekeeper who desires a new feature for her luncheon or supper is grateful for the suggestion of an unusual salad. To many persons the idea that a salad need not be of chicken or lobster, celery or tomato, and may yet be appetizing, comes as a surprise. Even these old stand-byes have a fresh flavor if served in novel forms, and, like everything else on the bill of fare, they are more acceptable to the palate when they are striking and pleasing to the eye.

Celery and Radish Salad.—Cut crisp, well-blanched celery into half-inch lengths, and heap it in a salad-bowl. Border it with small half-peeled radishes, and cover with a mayonnaise dressing.

Orange Salad.—This may be made like the grape-fruit salad, but it is better to slice the oranges; and while it is well to remove as much of the white skin as possible, the neglect of this precaution will not have such disastrous effects as in the case of the grape-fruit.

A Summer Salad.—Take cold boiled string-beans, peas, beets, potatoes, and asparagus tips. Slice the beets and potatoes. If you have a spare tomato or two and a small cucumber, peel and slice these and add them to the cooked vegetables. Mix them carefully, that you may not break the vegetables. Arrange them on lettuce leaves, and serve with French dressing.

Miscellaneous as this sounds, it is nevertheless excellent, and while it is not a dish for a ceremonious feast, it will prove popular at home luncheons or suppers. If lettuce is not at hand, the vegetables may be served without it.

Cottage-Cheese Salad.—Cut into slices a cottage cheese—one of the firm white balls sold in city dairies, or made at home by the housewife who has plenty of sour milk at her disposal. Arrange it on lettuce leaves, and serve with French dressing.

A Fruit Salad.—Divide one large orange and two mandarins into carpels, slice two bananas, shred a small pine-apple, peel and seed two dozen Malaga grapes, and shell and halve a dozen English walnuts. Heap all upon crisp, delicate leaves from the heart of lettuce, and pour over them a mayonnaise dressing. Serve very cold, almost frappe.

French Dressing.—Mix a salt-spoonful of white pepper and a scant teaspoonful of salt in a cup or in the bowel of a large salad-spoon. Pour the oil upon the mixture, and stir until thoroughly blended. To this proportion of salt and pepper and three tablespoonfuls of the best olive oil, add one tablespoonful of vinegar.

Dainty Desserts.

It is not an easy matter for the housewife to prepare acceptable dessert dishes for the family this month. The rich puddings and pies that were tempting enough in cold weather are not looked upon with favor now that the warm days of spring have come. Apples are growing tasteless if served uncooked; the same may be said of most of the oranges that are in the market, and as yet the strawberries to which we are looking forward are sour, tasteless and too expensive for the generality of housewives. But the flavor of both apples and oranges is sufficiently good for any of the simple cooked desserts, and bananas may be had at all seasons. Thus with the acid of these three fruits, we can provide desserts even for May that will be both appetizing and tempting.

Orange Jelly.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water. Cut six oranges in halves, remove the pulp carefully and lay the skins in cold water. Add to this pulp the juice of two lemons, one cupful of sugar and one cupful of boiling water. Add gelatine, stir all together and strain. Dry the insides of the skins, notch the edges, fill with the jelly and set in a cold place. When stiff, serve with white cake or kisses. This is as delicious as it is pretty.

Banana Charlotte.—One-half of a box of gelatine, one-third cupful cold water, one-third cupful boiling water, one cupful sugar, juice of one lemon, one cupful banana pulp, whites of three eggs. Line a mould with lady-fingers. Soak the gelatine in cold water. Pour over it the boiling water. Strain over it the banana pulp (about four bananas peeled and pressed through a ricer.) Add the sugar and strained lemon juice. Place mixture in a pan of ice-water. Stir till sugar is dissolved. Beat whites till stiff, and add cooled mixture to them, and beat till stiff enough to drop from spoon. Pour into the mould that has been lined with lady fingers, and serve with whipped cream.

Orange Snowballs.—Boil some rice for ten minutes; drain and let cool. Pare some small oranges (according to number to be cooked for), taking off all the thick, white skin; spread the rice in as many portions as there are oranges on dumpling cloths. Tie the fruit, surrounded by rice, separately in these, and boil the balls for an hour; turn out carefully on a dish, sprinkle over them plenty of sifted sugar. Serve with whipped cream flavored with orange.

Cream and Orange Pudding.—Stir one pint of thick, sweet cream with three yolks of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Put a layer of bread crumbs in bottom of a pudding dish, fill with the cream, then cover with more bread crumbs. Bake half an hour; when done, spread the top with thinly-sliced oranges, and over these a meringue made from the whites of eggs. Brown lightly.

Apple Meringue.—Boil very tart apples, after they are pared and cored; rub the pulp through a colander and sweeten to taste. To a pint of the soft pulp stir in lightly the whites of three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with grated rind of lemon as well as the juice. Serve cold with cream.

Chicken Smothered in Ham.

Two tender fowls. A dozen thick slices of cold boiled corned ham. Wrap each of the chickens in slices of ham, covering it entirely. These must be secured in place by winding with string. Lay the fowls in a dripping pan, or, what is better, a covered roaster, and pour over them a cupful of boiling water. Roast slowly, until the fowls are so tender that a fork enters them easily through the ham. While cooking, baste often with the drippings. When the chickens are done, lay the fowls in a hot dish, and clip and remove the strings.

Make the sauce by stirring into the dripping a little chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of flour, wet in cold water, pepper, and half a can of French mushrooms, chopped. Let it boil up once, and serve in a gravy-boat.

Fudges.

Fudges are "College" chocolate, and they are simply the most delicious edibles ever manufactured by a set of sweetmeat-loving girls. Their origin is wrapped in mystery—All that is known is that the recipe is handed down from year to year by old students to new.

To make them, take two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, a piece of butter one-half the size of an egg and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. The mixture is cooked until it begins to get grimy. Then it is taken from the fire, stirred briskly and turned into buttered tins. Before it hardens it is cut in squares. You may eat the fudge either cold or hot; it is good either way. It never tastes so delicious, however, as when made at college, over a spluttering gas lamp, in the seclusion of your own apartments.

THE MOTHER'S PAGE.

The Song of the Metro-Gnome.

Hid in his funny, three-cornered home,
Lives the little brown Metro-gnome:
And always when Polly begins to play,
Here's what the Metro-gnome seems to say:
"Tick-tock! Tick-tack!
Poor—little—aching back!
Patient hands, forced to glide
Up and down, inside;
Outside—golden gleams—
Sweet spring sunbeams.
Dull scales—drive her wild
Dear—little—good—child!
Quick, quick! lazy clock!
Tock-tick! Tick-tock!"

But, as Herr Klugmann declares, 'tis clear
Something is wrong with Miss Polly's ear;
For instead of the nonsense that fills her head,
Here's what the Metro-gnome really said:
"Tock-tick! Tock-tick!
Not so slow—that's too quick!
Tiresome child, listen to me,
Each scale is an elfin key,
Guarding close—treasure of song
Till Polly's fingers grow swift and strong.
But oh, when you idle time away,
Being a Metro-gnome doesn't pay!
Wanted: A place in an eight-day clock
——Tick——tock!"

How to Amuse the Children.

To some parents a child's endeavor to "make something" as evinced in his desire for hammer and nails and scissors and glue, is interpreted to mean a spirit of destruction. The little girl in the delightful verse from St. Nicholas, quoted above, put a wrong interpretation on the clock's talk, in much the same way that parents read a child's mind, without first studying its bent.

With a little careful study a mother can direct her child in his seemingly wanton destruction with the scissors.

Mrs. Hughes of Toronto, in an admirable paper on Scissors Work, says:

Every mother knows how to cut the rows of dancing girls and boys, and other things or objects, for her children, and these afford much amusement; but it is much more satisfactory to the child to be helped to get some results from his personal doing.

One simple plan is this: Give the child a strip of paper exactly eight inches long and one inch wide. Show him how to fold it so that the sides match and cut through the crease made, and to continue folding and cutting the sections until the strip is cut into square inches. The eight square inch papers which result from the cutting can then be strung alternately with straws cut in inch lengths, or with soaked peas, beans or loose beads. This necklace can be worn or hung up for ornament. Squares of colored paper, four by four inches, may be used instead of the strips, and cut fold by fold into inch squares.

Another way of using the inch squares of paper is to paste them in a simple symmetrical pattern on a large sheet of contrasting color.

A square four by four inches may be folded and cut, and refolded and cut until it is cut into strips one-half inch wide. The ends of the strips may be lapped over and pasted, making rings, each ring linked through the previous one, making a chain like the dandelion chains which delight the hearts of country children.

The strips can also be pasted on large sheets to make crude pictures in outline. For example: By pasting one strip vertically on paper, then two others horizontally and near together, touching the other at the top, we have the picture of a flag. Chairs, tables, benches, bird houses, hats, cups, etc., can be made in a similar way.

A half hour spent in guiding the little ones in work is time saved in the end. The spirits of mother and child are strengthened in sympathy, and the child's instinct for activity given an impetus in the right direction. The material need not be expensive, as colored papers are always at hand in some form.

Keep sheets of illustrated papers for the children to cut. Give them large sheets, or a plain scrap-book in which to paste the pictures when cut. Suggest some plan for grouping or organization of the pictures. For example: Make a farm yard page. On it paste groups of fowl, cattle, sheep, the farm dog, etc. Another page may represent the kitchen, and may be furnished from the advertisements in the daily papers. A library, parlor, pantry and nursery may be furnished in the same way.

The most mischievous children are those who have the most force. The tendency to wrong-doing may be overcome, and the force utilized for good without loss, if wisdom, sympathy and patience guide the mothers in dealing with their restless little ones. We can rightly judge of the value and best use of the present moment when we look at it in the light of future as well as present good to our children.

A Mother's Thoughts.

Many little transient ways peculiar to the child should never once be mentioned and they will vanish as suddenly as they appeared, where a constant nagging about the matter may fix them into habits.

We most firmly believe the only punishment that is just or effective is retributive punishment. It is God's way, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

During a writing exercise in a schoolroom the teacher was conscious that something wrong was progressing among the children whenever she turned to illustrate upon the blackboard. There was no noise, in fact there was an unusual hush. When she faced the school every child was beautifully busy. She observed, however, one vacant seat. Glancing down the isle she discovered the boy on all-fours stealing noiselessly along. His name was Jehu. Very pleasantly she said, "Jehu, you prefer that amusement to learning to write? Very well, continue doing it through the lesson period." He continued for a few moments when he dropped upon his face with a sob. "I can't do it any longer, I am so tired!" "Are you, dear child? well get right into your seat. The way of the transgressor is hard, isn't it? I wonder which is happier, these children who have learned their lesson so well, or Jehu who has been 'having a good time.'"

When a child is unusually selfish with his playthings say, "Very well, my little one, if you wish to keep your things all to yourself take them, and go to the shed, or some place alone, and have them all by yourself till dinner time." Children can learn that if they wish companionship, they must sacrifice. We know of one child who was compelled to play in perfect isolation for a whole week, not touching even his mother's chairs, tables, etc., thus playing only with his own till he was sick of loneliness, before he could understand the why of sacrifice. A child feels that such a punishment is just, as he also does when he is careless or destructive with his possessions and they are taken from him for a time. There are times when a real transgression should not be punished. The above mentioned Jehu was clipping through the halls of the school building at lightning speed. His teacher stepped out from an alcove and looked her astonishment whereat he rolled up his eyes and said, "I wasn't runnin', did you think that was runnin'? That was jus' walkin' fast." He was advised there was danger in using such speed through the halls by whatever name he called it.

This incident reminds me of Bobby's troubles. He came to his mamma in tears and sobbed, "That Jones boy is as mean as he can be, he up and kicked me as hard as he could."

"It was wrong for him to do it," said mamma, "but I hope when my boy gets into trouble he doesn't kick back, how is it?"

"Oh, no," said Bobby, "I didn't kick back, I almost knew he would go to kicking, and to get the start of him I kicked first."—Alfa V. Freeman.

School Lunches.

There is a great reform needed in the lunch taken to school by children. Where there is one extended session with a certain amount of hard work and strained attention, there must be an intermission for rest and recreation. This recess is usually employed by children in eating a lunch, and this lunch is too often made up of some indigestible cake or pastry and not enough staple food. A child should not be starved at the period of growing, and the desire for food is natural, but if this desire or appetite is checked by sweets and cakes and such things as often find their way into the average lunch-basket, then when home is reached, exhaustion is the natural consequence. If parents do not know what kind of food children should have for lunch, then teachers should know and be able to give some hints to parents on this subject

A Soap Bubble Party.

A popular entertainment for children is a "soap-bubble party." The fluid that is recommended to produce the best results is made from an ounce of white castile soap cut into small pieces and boiled three or four minutes in three-fourths of a pint of water. When the liquid is cool add three-fourths of an ounce of glycerine. Make this preparation the day before your party, and put it in a tightly corked can or bottle. The bubbles made in this way are very brilliant in color. Often tin horns about eight inches long and an inch and an eighth in diameter at the big end are used instead of pipes. They can be made at the tinsmith's at slight expense. A long table covered with an old blanket is a very good place for showing off the bubbles.

Dosing Children.

A baby of my acquaintance, a fretful baby, too, but whose mother did not believe in dosing, and who was raised partly on a bottle, grew and thrived wonderfully, was never sick a day all through the long, hot summer, although he taxed his little mother's strength and patience dreadfully. She has the satisfaction of knowing that she has a perfectly healthy baby, a marvel of strength and beauty; and who, what is better, can never say in later life that stimulants given in his infancy created a desire for stimulants in age.

Still, whole volumes written on this subject would not have any effect on some women, who, like Ephraim of old, are "wedded to their idols" (otherwise their foolish notions), "so let them alone."

Teething children may be relieved of convulsions by being immersed in a warm bath with cold cloths on their heads.

The education of delicate, nervous children, may be neglected until the age of six or seven without danger of duncehood.

Those who teach young children should speak to them properly, not lisping or using silly words, for they can understand sense better than nonsense.

For the Ladies' Journal.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

A Y.P.S.C.E. Story.

BY EMILY EDGEWOOD.

WE had societies and societies, and meetings and meetings in our church till really it was tiresome.

Father being an elder I had to take a hand in most of the societies, or else be frowned upon by all the good old ladies of the congregation and be made to feel their anxiety about my spiritual condition, to say nothing of father's worried looks.

I made my mistake right at the beginning. When mother died and I was left alone with father I was feeling very serious of course, and thought it my duty to take her place as much as possible in the church work as well as at home. So I went to all the meetings that she used to attend; and, as the different societies found I could be of use to them, I was appointed to this and that office and given this and that work to do, till I found myself fairly burdened with work that I had little inclination for, and saw very little real need of.

When I got my house work done and my church work done I had very little time left for amusement; and that, to a girl of my age and temperament was the main thing in life.

About three years after mother left us, I paid a long visit to Aunt Ella. She had lost her two little boys. They were drowned while bathing in the creek. So she was very lonely. Father thought I needed a change and I stayed three months with her.

The first morning after I got home, father handed me one of his letters with the town postmark on it saying, "Don't let me forget about that." I thought it was the coal bill, so I said, "Very well," and went on with my breakfast and my own letters.

After he was gone I opened it and found, instead of the bill, a neatly engraved invitation to Mr. P. Conroy and family to attend the inaugural meeting of a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor to be started in our church. It was signed by the Presidents of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, and the Girls' Prayer-meeting League, and the General Betterment Society, and by Alex. Brownley, Sec'y pro tem.

This was a new situation for me. For a whole minute I stared at the paper and wondered if I could be dreaming. Where could the idea of another society have come from so suddenly that I, who was always in the heart of things, had heard nothing about it?

The answer was easy enough to find. When I was going away I had forbidden my girl friends writing to me about church affairs.

"I want a rest," I told them. "If you write me all that goes on at every meeting, I shall hardly know that I am away from home. Now, please, if you love me, tell me all you like about yourselves and the picnics and parties, and how you are having your dresses made. But if you mention a ladies' aid or a prayer-meeting I'll—You'd better not try it. And they didn't.

Of father I made the same request, only in different words, of course.

As to where the idea came from I had not a doubt. Had not Alex. Brownley been filled with it while he was in Boston? He was talking about it even before I went away. Now here it was on us—another full-fledged society.

"Well, I need not join unless I want to," I said to myself, and went to discuss household matters with my faithful Jane, on the way deciding that I should go to the first meeting anyway—father might think it strange if I didn't—and wear my new cape.

So on Thursday evening I found myself with most of the congregation in the big Sunday school room. I gathered from the several addresses that the new society was not to impose more work on the already hard-working workers, but to put to use the unemployed forces, and call into action the latent talent, and, at the same time, to amalgamate at least three of the already existing societies whose work would be covered by the C. E. programme. And so we would have union and strength like the immortal bundle of sticks; and much more to the same point after the manner of such addresses.

"That is well," I said to myself, and arranged my cape in more bewitching folds. "If I keep out of this I shall not be freed from one, but from several societies."

Then our pastor spoke of the blessing it is to have earnest and trained workers in a church. "As to my personal feelings in regard to the establishment of this society among us," he said, "I need say no more to you than this, that I am glad."

And I thought, "If this or any other society is going to be a help and joy to him, it ought to be supported; for I do not know another man who is as good, and earnest, and hard-working as the Rev. Thomas Bright, unless it's father."

Then we had cake and coffee and conversation and I made myself generally useful, and Sadie Marlow told me I "looked just sweet this fall." I had a lovely time all round.

When it was time to go home I got father's latch key and started alone, for the session had been requested to remain. Our house is not very far from the church and it was bright moonlight.

I had not gone far when Alex. Brownley overtook me. He lives on the same street as we do, just a few doors further down. He took it for granted that I was delighted with the whole plan, and began to talk about "our" society and what "we" might do, before I could tell him that I did not think I should join.

"Why! we have been depending on you all along," said he.

I knew that without him telling me.

"But you are only jesting. Of course you'll join."

"No, I think not. I have been thinking lately that I go to too many meetings. Besides I can't see the use of it all."

"Kate!"

Oh, how that one word stung!

"What right has he," I thought, "to speak to me in that tone. True, we have been chums ever sinee he was six and I wasn't one. But that is no reason why he should speak my name in that stern, surprised tone, as if he were my god-father, just because I don't happen to fall in with all his extreme views and patronize all his pet schemes. But if I don't say something he may think it has made some impression on me, and of course it hasn't."

So I rattled on aloud, and rather aimlessly, "I can enjoy myself just as well at home, and father won't be always going, and I just hate to go to places alone. I believe Aunt Ella has spoiled me. She wouldn't let me go alone anywhere. I always was afraid of my own shadow in the dark."

The bull was unexpected and it startled me as if I had caught a glimpse of the ghost of my great grandfather, who was an Irishman. But Alex. did not notice it.

"What is the matter with going with me?" he asked.

"Oh! I couldn't think of troubling you all the time. Of course, I shall go once in a while when I feel like it," I said quickly.

"Troubling me all the time she says, Kate why can't you give me the right to take care of you without all this sham talk about trouble?"

"What's this coming now?" I thought, "Well I guess there is one subject no man will trot out till I am ready."

"I need not tell you how I feel about it," he continued. "You know that Kate. But you—you leave me very little ground for hope, and yet you know—"

"I shall be very candid with you," I interrupted purposely, mistaking his meaning. "I am beginning to think that Aunt Sally Henderson knew what she was talking about when she said that these C. E. societies gave the young people grand chances for getting acquainted, and that one good live one in a place was worth all the match-making mammas and a matrimony bureau thrown in."

You never saw anything hush quicker than he did. We walked the next ten yards in silence, and then as I was getting out my latch key he said: "I am sure I had no intention of reading you a chapter from Aunt Sally's Bible. Henceforth I must warn all young endeavorers that if they value their peace of mind, they must not bring their personal preferences out to meeting. Well, we'll see you to-morrow night I hope."

"Oh! yes, of course," I said. "Good night."

The next day being Mrs. Brownley's birthday, father and I and a few more old friends were to take tea and spend the evening with her. I determined that Mr. Brownley should not have an opportunity to air his personal preferences at that meeting either. And he hadn't.

The next Thursday evening as I sat reading on the porch, he passed on his way to church.

"Are you not coming to the meeting?" he paused to enquire.

"No, not to-night. I am having too good a time where I am. I have excellent company you see," and I showed him the back of "The Stickit Minister."

He shook his head and went on.

On Saturday he was called out of town for a couple of weeks. He came in the afternoon to say good-bye, but did not stay long. Sadie Marlow was with me.

Sadie was my dearest friend, and it had been the only sad thing in my coming home to find her looking so pale and weary. She had not been ill, she told me. She just felt tired. She was a teacher in a Public school, and our organist in church and Sunday-school, and besides gave music lessons to swell her income, for she had her two young sisters to support.

"Kate," she said when we were alone again, "I do wish you would come to the C. E. meetings and relieve me of the organ. What with my lessons and the organ on Sunday and Wednesday night, I don't feel as if I could stand Thursday night too. The church service does not tire me so much, I enjoy it. It's the pumping tires my back."

Now it is just the other way with me. I love to seat myself before that little organ and send the sweet, soft, sighing sounds to wander off in groups like live things. But not so with the church organ. It acts very well when Sadie plays it, but when I sit down before it, it just squeals and roars at me. The big bold thing!

"I asked Rosie Scott to play last night,' Sadie went on, as she curled my bangs around her thin white fingers, "she plays very nicely' you know. But she said she did not want to."

"Hateful little thing," I thought, "she never will do anything but what she likes.

"Well," I said aloud, "I can not promise to be there every night, but I'll go as often as I can and play. You would not mind it once in a while, I suppose, if I were not there? And Sadie, if you like, and Mr. Bright is willing, I'll play in Sunday-school for you till you are feeling stronger."

So it was decided that I should play; and so I found myself after all, in regular attendance at the C. E. meetings. But I would not take the pledge. Mr. Bright said it was not necessary if I did not want to, but urged me to consider the matter. And so did several of the others.

I sometimes went and came with Alex Brownley, but I had no trouble keeping him in order. It was when we met, out walking, or when he and Mrs. Brownley dropped in of an evening, that I had to keep my wits about me. It is really wonderful how many avenues of conversation

lead up to the same point if one is bound to get there. But I always managed to side-track him; and time brought Christmas.

Our regular meeting came on Christmas eve. We had been busy all day decorating the big Sunday school room for the children's Christmas festival and it was in a regular mess by evening. So we had our meeting in the small class room and were rather crowded. When we all got seated there was not a vacant chair except the one that was left for me beside the organ. I don't know what the topic was. The leader was a short-necked, broad-faced, young student, who aped so many clerical airs that we nick named him the Rev. Joe. He presented to us very faithfully, and not without some eloquence, the awfulness of sin that could need so great a sacrifice, and the judgment that is waiting for the soul that will not trust. Then Alex. Brownley came forward from his seat near the door, and as he did so, Mr. Bright slipped in and took the seat he had left.

I could not help thinking how handsome Alex. looked. But that was such a familiar thought that it did not prevent me from listening to him. Not a word said he of sin or sinner, nor of sacrifice; but told us of the Father-love that yearns to helpless children gone astray, and of the Christ-heart longing for his chosen bride the church. And then he recited, as I think only Alex can recite :—

Oh I hear ye not the voice of the Beloved ?
Through golden seas of starry light it falls,
And like a summons in the night it calls
Saying, "Lost children of the Father's house,
Why do ye wander wilfully away ?
Lo ! I have sought you sorrowing every day ;
And yet ye will not answer, will not turn,
To meet my love for which the angels yearn,
In all the causeless griefs with which your hearts are moved,
Is there no time to answer the voice of the Beloved ?"

Then he looked about him for a seat, and I motioned him to my seat by the organ. The leader said we would have a season of prayer and we all bowed our heads. But Mr. Bright asked us all to kneel, and then he asked all those who seldom prayed aloud to take this chance of doing so.

There was silence for a time, and then Miss Ray, who had declared she should die if she attempted to pray aloud, still kneeling sang, her grand voice trembling but so sweet, "Jesus my Lord to Thee I cry." She sang one stanza through alone, then, one by one, the others joined her, till when she had reached the third refrain, nearly all were singing who could sing, and some who couldn't.

All the while, the knowledge of that pure, strong human love that I would not allow to voice itself, was helping me to know the God-love I had kept my soul against so long. Instinctively I slipped my hand in Alex.'s and then I sang it too.

"I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove,
And now to Thee my soul does move,
Oh, take me as I am.
Spirit of God, now breathe on me ;
My Saviour's glory make me see,
Changed to His image let me be ;
Come, take me as I am."

After the meeting we went back to our work, but I soon slipped out and went home. I wanted to tell it all to father.

Christmas morning just after breakfast, I was in the sitting-room picking up those unruly books and papers that insist on spending most of their time on the chairs and tables instead of where they ought to be.

The door bell rang.

It was just time for the milk man so I went on with my work. A minute later in walked Alex. Brownley and proceeded to smother me with as much assurance as if that were the ordinary form of morning salutation. To wriggle and squirm were both undignified and useless, so I took the situation as coolly as I could and waited. "Just to think," he was saying, with utter disregard for the rights of his subjects and his predicates, "Just to think that after quoting Aunt Sally's views and sending me off in misery, I was bound to plead my cause, both in season and out of season, till I knew whether you cared nothing for me or everything for me. But that night I resolved that I must even lose you rather than bring the shadow of a slur upon a cause that bears the name of Christ. And then, just think, you inconsistent little torment, it was at a Christian Endeavor prayer meeting that you—"

Probably he wanted me to see that he was laughing at me, for he put one hand under my chin and the other on my head so that I had to look up. But I darted back to a safe distance and left him smiling down into his empty hands.

"The idea !" I exclaimed stretching myself up to my full five feet two. "Oh, the unutterable conceit of the male human animal ! That any man in his senses should think that I was singing that to him !"

"That is all right," he said very slowly, "I believe that if the Rev. Joe himself had been where I was you would have sung it just the same, and felt the same, no doubt. But, you wouldn't have had your hand in his. Come back here."

That was two years ago. I am an active member now. And it must be confessed that Alex. sometimes does make love to me on the way home from meeting. But then, we're married.

April's Last Word.

"They think I'm gone," she said,
And smiled and tossed her head,
While she noted what the little folks were playing.
"For all the fun we've had,
I do belive they're glad,
And every chick and child has gone a-Maying.

"But, though from earth I fly,
I linger in the sky ;
This day is yet my own to watch above them ;
They little know," said she,
"How fair they are to me—
The roguish little sprites—or how I love them.

"They speak of me no more ;
From blooming shore to shore
They welcome May with summer close behind her.
They shan't forget me so !
I'm bound, before I go,
I'll jog their memories with a brisk reminder.

"I'm sure I'll be allowed
To engineer this cloud;"
(Here April's merry eyes began to twinkle);
"It's loaded to the brim,
It's all in working trim—
I wonder how they'd like a little sprinkle !"

How to Treat Geraniums.

The summer treatment of those geraniums which are wanted for winter blooming is one point I want to speak of. When the plants are removed from the house in the spring, I put one of each kind aside, and give them special treatment through the summer.

They are left in the pots in which they grew until August, receiving no care and very little water. Mine are usually placed in a partially shaded situation and are barely kept alive, and this gives them a complete rest.

In August they are repotted in new, rich earth, in the same pots, and both roots and branches are pruned. From this time on, they are watered regularly and soon start up into new rank growth. By November they are in good condition and full of buds and blossoms. A thorough watering with a liquid fertilizer once a month is a help to them.

When geraniums are bedded out in summer and must be lifted and potted in the fall, it is best to take them up when the soil is as dry as possible.

This is entirely different from the usual way, but I think all will readily see the philosophy of it. When taken up from dry ground, the change from drouth to plenty of moisture makes the plant start out anew and grow rapidly, often without dropping a single leaf. But when taken from moist earth and the plant is full of water, it droops and loses many leaves for the soil is so full of water that the plant can take up no more and and it feels the disturbance to its roots much more than by the other method.

There are also some ways of growing geraniums that are very interesting and new to most people. One is to grow a plant on a single stem like a tree. For this purpose take one of the plants that has grown tall and spindling. Repot it in rich soil and tie it up to a stake. Keep all branches pinched off and let the top grow to any height desired, fifteen inches is tall enough for any ordinary purpose. Then pinch out the top of the plant and branches will start out all around the top. These when grown out will form a bushy top. It must be repotted as often as the roots fill the pot while training it. Do not let the plant bloom until it gets to the size and shape desired. When well grown these plants are splendid winter bloomers as there are so many branches to blossom, and the plant is so strong that they are continually in bloom.

How to Grow Fuchsias.

The fuchsia is notably a summer-blooming plant and much liked for a window by those who do not like to have their flower shelves denuded when the winter favorites are resting or transplanted to the garden for the summer. The fuchsia should be brought from the cellar in the spring.

They should be given a soil mostly of leaf mold, with some sharp sand mixed in. Have at least two inches of broken pottery in the bottom of each pot before filling in the soil in which the plant is to grow. Do not use large pots for small plants at first. Put them in four and five-inch pots and watch them. As soon as the roots fill the soil and form a mass of white fibres about the ball of earth, as can be seen when it is turned out of its pot, repot to larger sizes. This shifting is very important during the earlier stages of the plant's growth, lest the plant becomes root-bound. Another most important point is that of watering. If the soil is allowed to become dry the plant will generally drop its leaves. Care must be taken to water the plant daily, and so liberally that the entire amount of soil in the pot is thoroughly saturated. If proper drainage has been provided, there need be no fear of bad results from over watering. The fuchsia is fond of water on its foliage, and it is a good plan to shower the plants daily, and to do it in such a way as to get the water to the under side of the foliage. This is not only conducive to the health of the plant, but has a tendency to keep the red spider in check, for the fuchsia suffers more from attacks of this pest than from any other.

The Pineapple.

When you cut up the next pineapple for use on the table or for canning, save the top which is cut off before using. Fill a pot to within about one inch from the top with good, light, porous soil and on this place the top of the pine apple, pressing it firmly down and water thoroughly, being careful always not to allow the water to get into the foliage as it is sure to result in rotting and thus destroying the plant. In a few days the plant will begin to grow, and if kept in sunlight and thoroughly watered twice a week with tepid water as directed, will in time become a handsome, valuable and attractive plant.

Elocutionary.

The Elocutionary season is practically over, and taken on the whole it has been a very unsatisfactory one, except for just the "high-up" professionals.

The cry during past seasons has often been "oh for more snow to make it merry traveling to near-by towns to attend entertainments," but we have had such a superabundance of "the beautiful" this season as to make the country roads nigh impassable and entertainments have been very poorly patronized by "out-of-towners."

Toronto, however, has been very fortunate in its wealth of entertainments. At Massey Hall, Mr. Suckling has provided rare treats for the public at reasonable rates. We have listened entranced to the famous Chicago Orchestra, to Sousa and his glorious band, to MacIntyre and Max O'Rell, and many others, but the rich programme is not yet complete. To crown the whole the world-famous songstress, Madame Melba, is to appear on May 10th. Standing room will doubtless be at a premium.

By special request of a correspondent we reproduce "Anstey's Obstructive Hat," the favorite recitation this season.

The Obstructive Hat in the Pit.

SCENE.—The Pit of the Theatre during Pantomime Time.

An overheated matron (to her husband).—Well, they don't give you much room in 'ere, I must say. Still, we done better than I expected, after all that crushing. I thought my ribs were gone once—but it was only the umbrella's. You pretty comfortable where you are, eh, father?

Father.—Oh! I'm right enough, I am.

Jimmy (their small boy with a piping voice).—If father is, it's more nor what I am. I can't see, mother, I can't!

His Mother.—Lor' bless the boy! there ain't nothen to see yet; you'll see well enough when the curting goes up. (Curtain rises on opening scene.) Look, Jimmy, ain't that nice, now? All them himps, dancin' round, and real fire comin' out of the pot—which I 'ope it's quite safe and there's a beautiful fairy just come on, dressed so grand, too!

Jimmy (whimpering).—I can't see no fairy—nor yet no himps, no nothen!

His mother (annoyed).—Was there ever such a aggravating boy. Set quiet, do, and don't fidget, and look at the hactin'!

Jimmy.—I tell yer I can't see no hactin', mother. It ain't my fault—it's this lady in front o' me, with the 'at.

Mother.—Father, the pore boy says he can't see where he is, 'cause of a lady's 'at in front.

Father.—Well, I can't 'elp the 'at, can I? He must put up with it, that's all!

Mother.—No—but I thought, if you wouldn't mind changing places with him—you're taller than him.

Father.—It's always the way with you—never satisfied, you ain't! Well, pass the boy across—I'm for a quiet life, I am. (Changing seats.) Will this do for you? (He settles down immediately behind a very large furry hat, which he dodges for some time.)

Father (suddenly).—Blow the 'at!

Mother.—You can't wonder at the boy not seeing! P'raps the lady wouldn't mind taking it off, if you asked her?

Father.—Ah! (He touches the Owner of the Hat on the shoulder.) Excuse me, mum, but might I take the liberty of asking you to kindly remove your 'at?

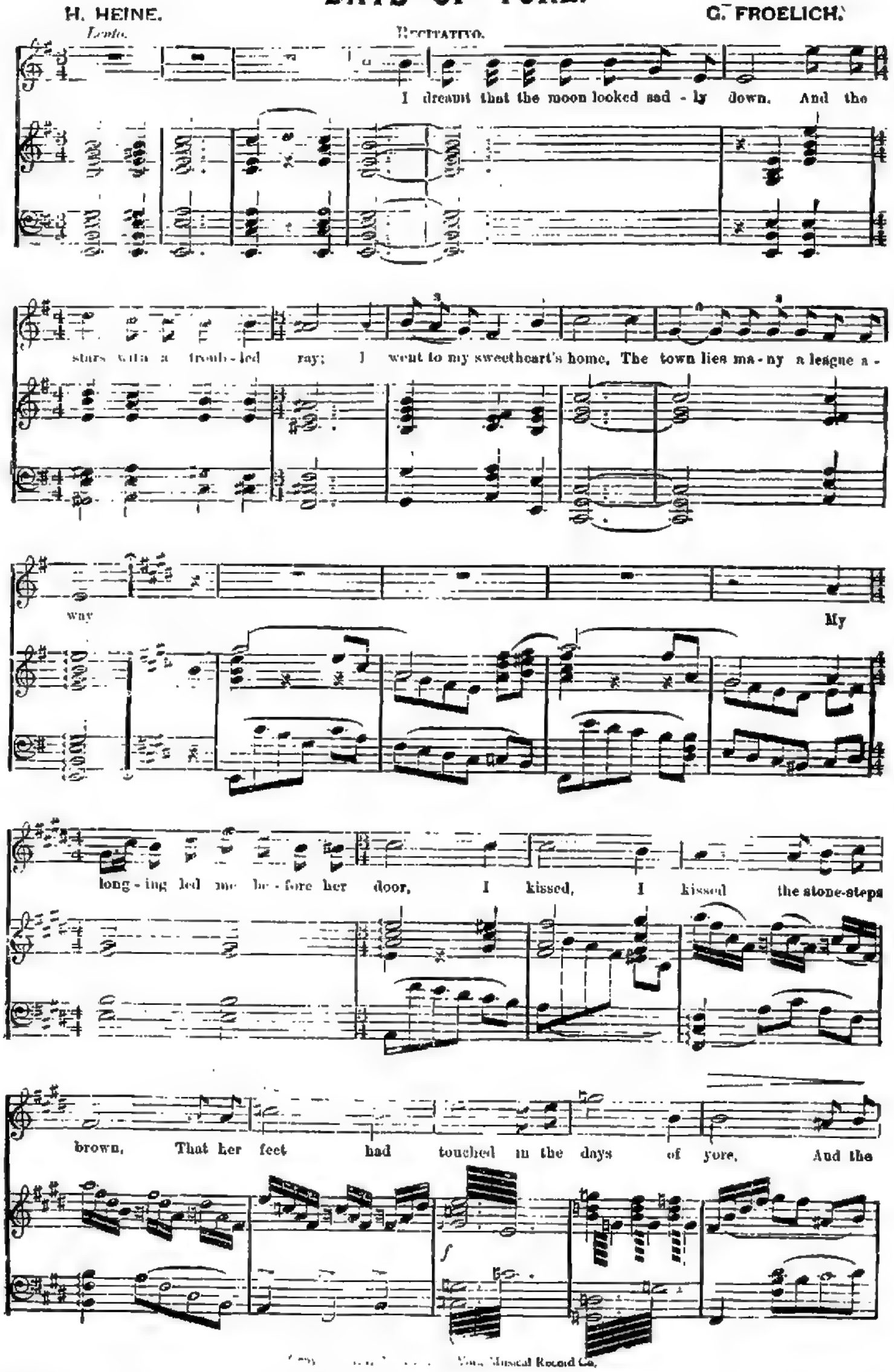
(The Owner of the Hat deigns no reply.)

Father (more insistent).—Would you 'ave any objection to oblige me by taking off your 'at, mum? (Same result.) I don't know if you 'eard me, mum, but I've asked you twice, civil enough, to take that 'at of yours off. I'm playin' 'ide and seek be'ind it 'ere! (No answer.)

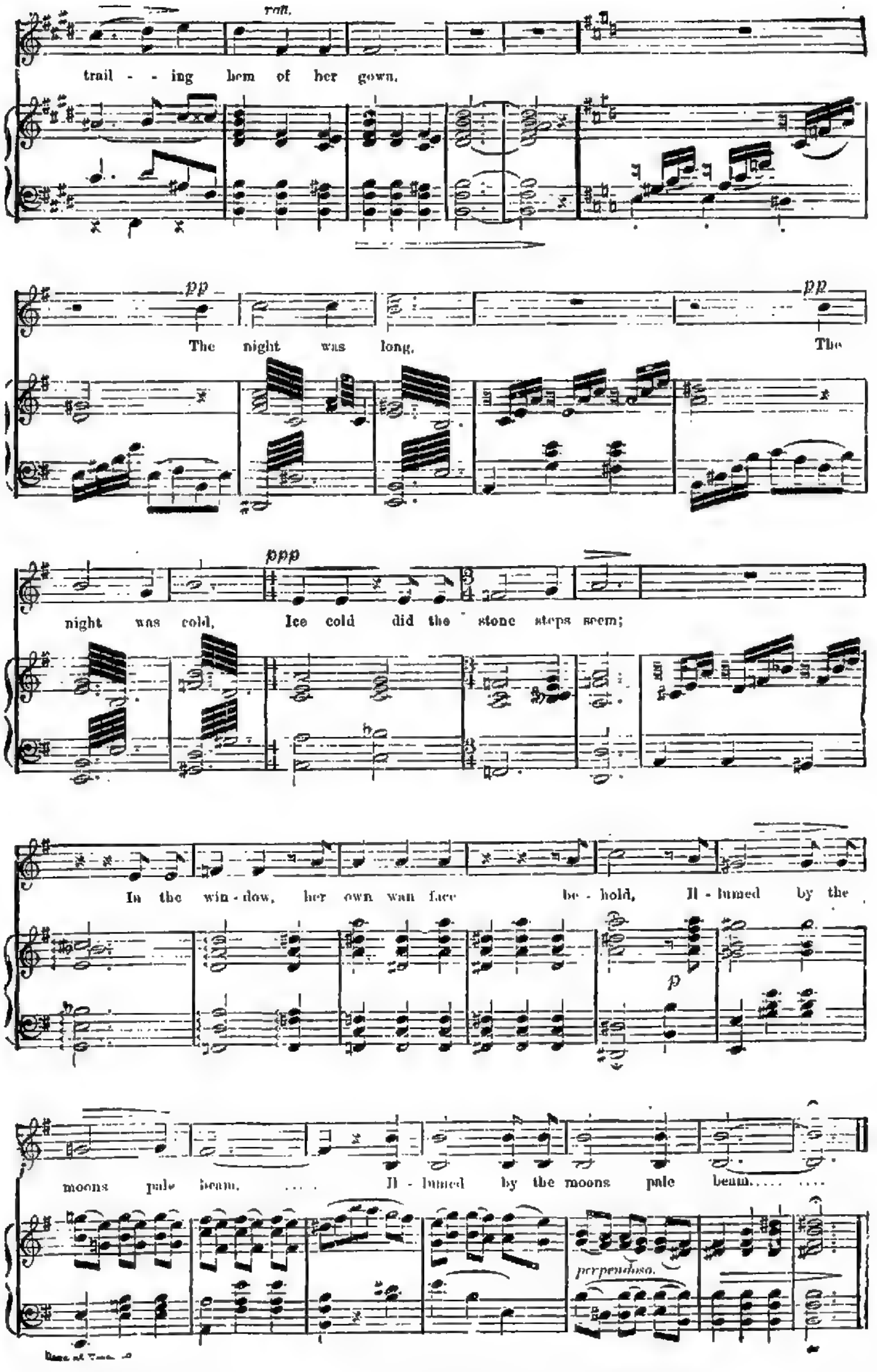
The Mother.—People didn't ought to be allowed in the pit with sech 'ats! Callin' 'erself a lady—and settin' there in a great 'at and feathers like a 'Ighlander's, and never answering

DAYS OF YORE.

H. HEINE. G. FROELICH.



Musical Record Co.



no more nor a stuffed himage.

Father (to the husband of the Owner of the Hat.—Will you tell your good lady to take her 'at off, sir, please?

The Owner of the Hat (to her husband).—Don't you do nothing of the sort, Sam, or you'll 'ear of it!

The Mother.—Some people are perlite, I must say. Parties might behave as ladies when they come in the pit! It's a pity her 'usband can't teach her better manners!

The Father.—'Im teach her! 'E knows better. 'E's got a Tartar there, 'e 'as!

The Owner of the Hat.—Sam, are you going to set by and hear me insulted like this?

Her Husband (turning around tremulously).—I'll trouble you to drop making these personal allusions to my wife's 'at, sir. It's pufflckly impossible to listen to what's going on on the stage, with all them remarks be'ind!

The Father.—Not more nor it is to see what's going on on the stage with that 'at in front! I paid 'arf-a-crown to see the pantermime, I did; not to 'ave a view of your wife's 'at!—'Ere, Maria, blowed if I can stand this 'ere game any longer. Jimmy must change places again, and if he can't see, he must stand up on the seat, that's all. (Jimmy goes back and mounts upon the seat.)

A Pitite behind Jimmy (touching up Jimmy's father with an umbrella).—Will you tell your little boy to sit down, please, and not block the view like this?

Jimmy's Father.—If you can indoose that lady to take off her 'at, I will—but not before. Stay where you are, Jimmy.

The Pitite behind.—Well, I must stand myself then, that's all. I mean to see, somehow! (He rises.)

People behind him (sternly).—Set down there, will yer?

(He resumes his seat expostulating).

Jimmy.—Father, the man behind is a-pinching of my legs!

Jimmy's Father.—Will you stop pinching my little boys legs. He ain't doing you no 'arm—is he?

The Pinching Pitite.—Let him sit down, then!

Jimmy's Father.—Let the lady take her 'at off!

Murmurs behind.—Order there! Set down! Put that boy down! Take orf that 'at! Silence in front, there! Turn 'em out! Shame!—

The Husband of the O. of the H. (in a whisper to his wife).—Take off that blessed 'at, and have done with it, do!

The O. of the H.—What—now. I'd sooner die in the 'at!

(An attendant is called.)

The Attendant.—Order there, gentlemen, please—unless you want to get turned out! No standing allowed on the seats—you're disturbing the performance 'ere, you know!

(Jimmy is made to sit down and weeps silently; the hubbub subsides—and the Owner of the Hat triumphs.)

Jimmy's Mother. Never mind, my boy, you shall have mother's seat in a minute. I dessay, if all was known, the lady 'as reasons for keeping her 'at on, pore thing!

The Father—Ah! I never thought o' that. So she may. Very likely her 'at won't come off—not without her 'air!

The Mother.—Ah! well, then we mustn't be 'ard on her.

The O. of the H. (removing the obstruction).—I 'ope you're satisfied now, I'm sure!

The Father (handsomely).—Better late nor never, mum, and we take it kind of you. Though, why you shouldn't ha' done it at fust, I dunno; for you look a deal 'ansomer without the 'at than you did in it—don't she, Maria?

The O. of the H. (mollified). Sam, ask the gentleman behind if his boy would like a ginger-nut.

This olive-branch is accepted; compliments pass; cordiality is restored, and the pantomime then proceeds without any further disturbance in the audience.

F. ANSTEY.

Dick—I wish we had a great big dictionary.

Tom—Do you want to look for something?

Dick—Yes; the preserved cherries grandma put upon the shelf, that I can't reach standing on a chair.

Little Tommy Wilkins had been wrestling with a piece of hardtack. "Mamma," said he after a silence, "if poll-parrots get all the crackers they ask for, I don't wonder that they learn to swear."

For the Ladies' Journal.

The "Magic Ring"—A Fairy Story.

BY MINNIE GREENE.

Years have passed and little Princess Ethel has grown into a tall, beautiful girl. She has always been kind to every living thing, is rich and beautiful, and good; in fact, everything the fairies had wished for her, had come to pass, for she had sacredly kept the ring, and had never mislaid it for a single hour.

One day in rambling through the woods, she met a handsome young man who immediately fell in love with her and she with him.

He had seen and admired her beautiful ring, and she told him its history.

At last he went to King Edric to ask the Princess Ethel's hand in marriage. He proved to be the son of a neighboring King, so, knowing his daughter loved the Prince Rudolph, he consented, and their marriage was to take place in the autumn.

They were out boating one day on a beautiful lake covered with water-lilies.

Prince Rudolph had given Princess Ethel a beautiful opal ring, and had begged in return her "Magic Ring," as she called it. After making him solemnly promise not to lose it, she gave it to him.

One day as they were out boating, Prince Rudolph was examining the fairy-like workmanship of the ring, as they floated idly along among the water-lilies, enjoying the warm sunshine.

"Do you love flowers Rudolph? I wonder that I never thought to ask you before."

"Yes, I love them dearly, and you, I suppose almost idolize them?" answered he.

"Yes indeed! I do love them, and if not for their own seakes, then for the fairies. Which do you love best?" she asked.

"I think I love the great golden-hearted water-lily best," he answered.

"My favorite is the daisy, the humblest, sweetest flower of all, I think they seem to speak to one of purity, simplicity, and gentleness, with their great brown eyes and delicate, white fingers held out so pleadingly. I never allow a single daisy to be destroyed if I can help it," she told him.

"I think your love for dasies is a passion," smiled the Prince. "What would happen if you lost this 'magic ring' of yours?" he asked.

"Happen! Please do not mention it," she cried, with white face and frightened eyes. "I should be the most miserable girl you ever saw."

They were nearing the shore by this time, and Prince Rudolph soon jumps out and secures the boat, then turns to help Ethel out. She looks at the hand on her own, and notices how brightly the ring is shining.

"Why Rudolph! look at the ring, how it shines," she cried.

"Perhaps Queen Rose is smiling down upon us," said the Prince.

"Let me see it," she said, and he carefully took it from his finger and gave it to her. She examined it eagerly, and in turning it around, let it slip from her hand into the water.

Consternation seized her, and Prince Rudolph sprang into the water to look for it. But it was of no avail, and, at last he turned to Princess Ethel. The face he saw filled him with dismay.

Surely this could not be the gentle, beautiful Princess, for the face was white with wrath, the soft, sweet mouth was drawn into lines of unutterable cruelty, and the eyes were flashing like livid lightning.

Alas! alas! wicked Queen Leaf! There she sat with her fairies all around her, laughing and laughing, in her wicked glee, at poor Princess Ethel's plight.

Prince Rudolph knew in an instant that the evil spell had taken affect immediately upon the loss of the ring. "Come home, dear Ethel," he said soothingly, "and tell your father, and he will send men to search for it."

"No! Prince Rudolph, none shall search for it. I will not have it. You had no business with my ring," and she broke into a perfect storm of hard, bitter, passionate words, words which made him shiver. Poor Prince Rudolph, his heart was nearly broken. He determined to cling to the poor princess for she was not to blame.

King Edric resolved to find the ring, but Princess Ethel would not hear of it. To describe the despair and grief of the King and Queen, her parents, would not be possible.

She was no longer the gentle girl whom every one loved. They all feared her now, for where it was once a kind word, now it was a harsh one.

She was unkind to father and mother, and her beauty had all turned into ugly scowls and lines and marks of ill-temper.

Her love of flowers had all died away, and she would crush any helpless thing which crossed her path. Strangest of all was, that she hated the very sight of daisies.

She would not see Prince Rudolph, for her love was turned to hatred.

One morning, when the daisies were in full bloom, Princess Ethel came to breakfast with a darker scowl than usual. Her father and mother dared not ask what had annoyed her, she was so dreadfully insolent. Indeed, she made their lives wretched.

"Father, why don't you have those dreadful daisies cut down?" she broke forth at last.

"Why daughter! I thought you loved daisies," he answered gently.

"Love them, indeed! the horrid weeds," she said scornfully.

"Ethel, I cannot permit the daisies to be destroyed; I promised the Fairy Queen Rose, not to allow them to be cut down again," answered her mother.

"They shall, I say!" she cried angrily. "If you do not order them cut down, I will have it done on my own account!" and she rushed from the room in a great rage.

Prince Rudolph heard her command her servants to destroy the daisies and knew how greatly she was changed from his bright, beautiful, loving Ethel.

* * * * *

"Oh! dear Queen," sobbed Daisy. There is a messenger from earth, Lady Lily's friend, a beautiful humming bird. He gives us such a sad account. You know the Princess Ethel lost the ring, and ever since wicked Queen Leaf has held sway over her. She loves not any of our friends, the flowers. The whispering leaves, the relatives of Queen Leaf, are all she loves. Poor Prince Rudolph she hates, and to-day, oh! Queen, she has ordered all daisies to be slain. Messenger Humming-bird says her love for daisies amounted to a passion. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?" cried poor little Daisy, wringing her fairy-fingers.

"Lord Snapdragon, admit messenger Humming-bird." And beautiful Humming-bird is admitted to the presence of Her Majesty.

"Oh! messenger, is this all true?" she asked.

"All true, your Majesty," he answered.

"Where was the ring lost?" was the next question.

"In a small lake, on the edge of a great forest. It is very beautiful and quite covered with water-lilies," answers the messenger.

"With water-lilies did you say?" queried Queen Rose. "Ah! then I have a plan yet!" she said with a bright face. "Daisy call Lady Lily!"

Lady Lily came with enquiring face.

"Prepare for a visit to earth!" Queen Rose told them. "Daisy and Lily, Snapdragon and myself, will go to this lake. Messenger Humming-bird will conduct us."

"But, your Majesty, not that I doubt your wisdom, do you not consider it a very hard task to find a ring so long lost, and in the water too," asked the messenger.

"You say it was lost on the edge of the water, and that water-lilies abound, Lady Lily is a relative of those same lilies, and very likely can persuade them to search for it."

"So I can! So I can! Or better still, we will ask the favor of the lilies," said Lady Lily.

"We shall be happy to do anything in our power," murmured the lilies.

"Have any of you seen a beautiful, golden ring, on the bottom of the lake?" asked Lady Lily.

"I did," spoke a great, creamy-hearted water-lily, "and I brought it up with me."

"Oh! you darling!" cried Lady Lily, caressing the water-lily. "Now she will be happy again," and she told them Princess Ethel's story.

Oh! what joy reigns in the castle when Daisy presents the ring to Queen Edna. She calls Ethel who comes immediately, and pleasantly as of old, for Queen Leaf's evil spell is broken for ever.

"Mother, dear mother, forgive me my ugly tempers. I have been a terrible trial to you and my father," She cries so piteously, that Queen Rose goes out to find King Edric.

The mother takes the sobbing girl in her arms, and speaks soothing words to her.

"My darling, we never blamed you, 'twas the fault of that wicked Queen Leaf; but thanks to Daisy, Queen Rose and Lily, who found the ring, her spell is forever broken."

King Edric assures her they heartily forgive and love her still.

"But, mother, do you think Rudolph will forgive, I was so cruel," she sobbed.

"He is here to answer for himself," smiled King Edric, as the door opened and Rudolph came in.

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

Queen Rose, Lily, and Daisy did the same, and touched her face with fairy fingers, soothing out all the hardness, cruelty and marks of ill-temper. They all disappeared under their fairy touch.

Daisy, with tears bedimming her gentle, brown eyes, whispers in Ethel's ear, her request, "that she will spare the gentle daisies."

"Spare them! of course I will; I love the daisies best of all, you dear, little fairy!" she replies in the old, sweet tones.

In a month Rudolph and Ethel were married, and all the fairies were there, gathered to the wedding, all except Queen Leaf, who kindly absented herself and court, for which, I should imagine, they were all very thankful to her.

Flowers were there in abundance, great banks of roses and lilies, and pinks and violets. Indeed, nearly every kind of flowers.

Princess Ethel herself, was the sweetest flower of all, and in her small, white hand she carried a simple bunch of daisies.

A Sign of Company.

"There's company coming!" cried Tommy in glee,
"For a spider's spun down to the end of his line,
It's just over the table that's all set for tea—
At home, that's the certainest kind of a sign."

And the sign was so sure, that for fear it should fail,
An idea occurred to this far-sighted elf;
"If you've no other company, spected, you know,"
Why, I guess I could just stay to supper myself."

For the Ladies' Journal.

A Ghost Story.

BY JACK SPANIEL.

(Concluded from April)

I was nearly wild with terror. I sprang for the door and rushed precipitately through the hall and back to the sitting-room where I had left my father reading, but he was gone to bed now. A fire still smouldered in the grate and I drew up a chair and sat down. I was determined I would not go back to my room that night, and yet what could I do? Should I go and tell my father and Mrs. Oliver? They would laugh at me, besides, I was almost a woman now, I thought, I was thirteen years old, and had long since outgrown such childish nonsense as believing in ghosts, and therefore hated to acknowledge such a thing. I tried to believe that my imagination had played me a trick but it was no use. I could not, and I would not sleep there again. I got up and went into the old housekeeper's room.

"Mrs. Oliver," I said, "May I sleep with you to-night. It is so lonesome all alone and the wind and rain sound so sad."

"Why yes; of course, dearie," she said, "an' right glad I'll be to have you."

I was not long in availing myself of this invitation and was soon in bed and asleep. The next night I again slept with Mrs. Oliver, and the following day she sent me to my room for my workbasket, I was not afraid to go there in the daytime as I was by no means a cowardly child, and if sometimes I did think of ghosts, I always associated them with night and darkness. I raised the window and looked out. There was nothing there. I had hoped that there would be something to account for the sounds I had heard, for I was loth to believe that my mysterious guest was anything supernatural.

About noon a drizzling rain commenced falling. In the afternoon I had occasion to again go to my room, as I entered it I heard again the sound which had so frightened me twice before. Ah, it was getting bold to come in broad daylight. I walked to the window, and raising the sash and looking out I came suddenly upon my ghost. He made no attempt to escape; as indeed it would have been impossible for him to have done so, even if his neck had not been broken.

Aunt Emma paused and we who had been vastly interested in her story cried, "And what was it? Was it really a ghost?"

"Oh, no," was the laughing response, "it was only an old bottle, with the neck broken off, and partly filled with water, the water dropping from the roof into it had produced a hollow, gutteral sound, which I had heard and which had sounded so natural that I had been deceived into thinking it was something eating. I leaned out of the window, picked it up and threw it as far as I could out on the ground where it broke into a hundred pieces. Thus I laid my ghost which, needless to say, never troubled me again.

"Tell us another ghost story," we pleaded as she finished. "It isn't very late yet."

"No," she laughed, "one is enough to-night, besides I couldn't if I would, for I only ever had one happen to me, but I'll tell you somebody else's sometime again, and now here comes mamma to send you all to bed."

The Lad's Pockets.

Who that has had the care of a rollicking, four-year-old boy has not witnessed his delight over his first pocket? How many times the chubby hand finds its way therein; and the number of observations emanating from the young man's brain upon the subject is beyond estimation.

It takes so little to make childhood happy that it seems unjust to the boy to deprive him of pockets. Give him pockets, plenty of them, too; but teach him their uses and abuses. He must early learn that a pocket is primarily the natural receptacle of his handkerchief and not of a conglomerate mass of rubbish. It may also contain his tiny purse, so important to the American child, likewise the notes which the lad carries to the grocer or to a neighbor. Unless cautioned from the start, he is liable to fill his pockets with everything. But after full explanations he will readily comprehend that it spoils the appearance of his beloved pockets to have them bulged out or to become soiled from contact with earthy matters.

Let the first pocket serve as an object lesson for using the handkerchief. Teach him to use it himself, quietly, and without attracting notice. Urge the necessity of keeping his little nose presentable at all times "just like a big person." Habit soon becomes fixed, and this arrangement, will be a satisfaction to the mother as well as to those who behold him. Never mind if he comes to you frequently during the day with the cry: "I must have a clean handkerchief, Mamma, this one is soiled."

Better that than carelessness in the other direction.

Manners for Boys.

Poor fellows! How they get hectored and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer.

No wonder their opposition is aroused and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when after all if they were only, in a quiet way, informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Auntie M.," as she pointed out the following rules for a twelve-year-old nephew, who was the "light of her eyes," if not always the joy of her heart, for though a good-natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently.

First come manners for the street:

Hat lifted in saying "good-by" or "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or in acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor, stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as the others, and finish the course when they do.

Pockets—A Sermonette for Boys and Men.

I am writing this on the cars. With my overcoat, I glory in sixteen pockets. If I had fewer, I should now be engaged, as is every woman in the car, in gazing stupidly through the rain-dashed windows and yawning. A sudden ictus scribendi has seized me. One pocket forthwith has furnished a convenient pencil tablet, another a led pencil, a third a knife to sharpen it, a fourth a notebook of ideas for articles, and here we are!

You may have heard of people that carry their brains in their pockets. Possibly there's some truth in that sneer.

For instance, notebooks. Notebooks are simply indispensable to any thinker, any student, any observer. They are the hooks of literature, and they need no baiting. They coin the odd moments into golden hours. (Mixed metaphor.) They concentrate and perpetuate experiences. Wayside ideas, choice quotations, a comical signboard, the address of a friend, the price of your new hat, subjects for essays—all is fish that approaches their catholic net. A fine sentence in a sermon—out comes a man's notebook. A new word to be investigated in the dictionary—out it comes again. Now women can't do that.

What would men do if, like their sisters, they were confined for mental comradeship to their unassisted brains? Besides the aforesaid notebooks, men's pockets contain newspapers, magazines and books. If a woman should buy a newspaper on the train she would be obliged to throw it away at the end of the route—and she is too economical for that—or carry it in her hand, which already is burdened with the contents of six of my pockets. Therefore, she gets her news at second hand, or, usually, not at all.

A man's pockets make him resourceful, ingenious, helpful. They are magazines of playthings for fretful babies, of tools when handles break or accidents occur, of amusement and occupation for unexpected delays and waiting. They are the real Mother Robinson's bag.

A man's pockets give him assurance and positiveness. Woman, carrying her possessions in her hand, labors much of the time under an uneasy sense of having lost something. Man is sure he has lost nothing. It is in one of his pockets. And he finds it there. Pockets are safer than banks.

A man's pockets make him analytical; they teach him to classify. He apportions his life out among his pockets according to a regular system. Everything is in its place, and there is certainly a place for everything.

A man's pockets make him methodical. All through his life, change goes in this direction, rubber bands in that, business cards in the other, in one regular, undeviating order. If he wants his letters there is the immemorial spot; or his watch, his hands move automatically as the hands of the chronometer. And from youth, through courtship, through the honeymoon, yes, "until death do us part," there is the nook consecrated to a certain photograph case—the pocket nearest the heart. Now, women can't do that.

A man's pockets make him self-sufficient. He is a little universe; with his overcoat, a big one. He has his timetable, his watch and his pocketbook, and is ready on the instant for Europe or Cathay. With his hands in his pockets (most comfortable of positions!) jingling his change (most delightful of sensations!) he can confront the world in arms.

HYGIENE.

A Good Digestion.

"Here, Grace, here's your miserable puppy,"
Said big brother George in a huff,
"But the creature's a regular nuisance,
And to-day he's done mischief enough.

"He has carried off one of Rob's arctics,
He has ripped up a pillow of mine,
He has chewed up the whole of the door mat,
And most of the clothes on the line."

The puppy looked sad and dejected
At hearing himself thus reviled,
But little Grace patted him gently,
And he licked the soft hand of the child.

She touched his thin sides with her fingers,
And felt the great ribs sticking through,
"Oh, see, George," she cried out, in horror,
"It's the washboard—he swallowed that, too!"

Why is it that sick rooms are invariably kept dark? Sunlight is assuredly life-giving in spite of the old teaching that sick folks should be kept in a darkened room. Not one time in ten do we enter a sick room in the daytime to find it blessed with the light of the sun. Before we can get even a glimpse of the patient we have to request that the blinds be raised in order that the rays of a far greater healer than the most able physician can hope to be may be admitted. Too often the compliance with this request reveals a condition of the room which in the state of darkness, is of disorder everywhere. Foods, medicines, furniture, bedding misplaced. Dust, and stray leavings, in all directions.

In brief, there is nothing so bad as a dark sick room. It is as if the attendants were expecting the death of the patient. And if the reason for it is asked the answer is as inconsistent as the act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light, as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though to darken one portion of the room it were necessary to darken the whole of it. A more injurious practice really could not be maintained than that of darkness in a sick room. It is not only that dirt and disorder are the results of darkness—a great remedy is lost, and the loss is momentous. Sunlight diffused through a room warms and clarifies the air. It has a direct influence on the minute organic poisons—a distinctive influence which is most precious—and it has a cheerful effect on the mind. The sick should never be gloomy, and in the presence of the light the shadows of gloom fly away. Happily the hospital ward, notwithstanding its many defects—and it has many—is so far favored that it is blessed with the light of the sun whenever the sun shines. In private practice the same remedy ought to be extended to the patients of the household.

How to court Morpheus and His Restful Arms.

SLEEP BY SUGGESTION.—Procure some bright object upon which to gaze intently. This must be suspended a few inches from the eyes. I do not know what to suggest for the darkness which exists in a Pullman sleeper after the curtains are drawn, but imagine that your ingenuity would be equal to the occasion. Having selected this object—like a glass ball, a small looking-glass or one of those large glass rings sometimes affected by comedians—you must so secure it in suspension as not to cause you any worry as to what becomes of it when you drop off in slumber.

Gazing steadily at the bright object you must at the same time allow your thought to picture to you some action—say, since you are a military man, an episode in army life. Commence with the opening of the day, when the soldier arises from his SLEEP! See his drowsy eyes, his content after a night of restful SLEEP! Follow his labor during the day and watch him growing more tired and tired as night approaches, and see him finally throw himself upon the ground, his eyes heavy, his body tired, his conscience clear, and wearied nature finally asserting her sway as he is lulled to sleep, *sleep*, SLEEP, SLEEP!

Again, imagine a caravan crossing a desert or plain. See the weary men, longing for SLEEP, seek their resting place for the night and gradually dropping off into sound *sleep!* SLEEP! SLEEP!

And now, you are in *sleep!* SLEEP! SLEEP! and you will so continue until the porter, announcing your arrival at your destination, awakens you from *sleep!* SLEEP! SLEEP!

To Change the Bedding Under a Sick Patient.

Have the patient near one side of the bed. Roll a clean sheet lengthwise—that is, beginning at the side and not at the end—until you have rolled up one lateral half or more of the sheet. Standing on the opposite side of the bed from the patient, roll the soiled sheet in the same manner until the rolled portion reaches the body of the patient. Upon the cleared surface from which the soiled sheet has been rolled place the unrolled portion of the clean sheet. This will bring the two rolls—the soiled and clean—together, and parellel lengthwise, near the bed's centre, or, if preferable, close to the sufferer.

Now gently lift the patient over and upon the smooth portion of the clean sheet, slip off the dirty one, which is no longer held down by the patient, and unroll and smooth the remaining half of the clean sheet, and the deed is done; done neatly, carefully, easily, without unpleasant complications for either the patient or the attendant. Then see that the soiled sheet, as well as all other soiled clothing, be promptly removed from the sickroom.

Liquors in Accident or Illness.

Anyone who has observed the practice of a majority of people when suddenly called on to look after a person injured by accident, or in a sudden attack of illness, or drowning, cannot fail to have observed how, in a majority of cases, the first thing done is to administer some form of alcohol—whatever even may be handy.

Those who administer this remedy do not do it from any study they have made, or any knowledge their possess that the remedy will be suited to the case. They desire to do something to satisfy they own anxieties, and this remedy is the first one usually suggested. This shows how deeply ingrained into our natures is our faith in it, and how hard it is to uproot a practice, the result of ages of growth. In a majority of cases, the remedy does more harm than good.

Dr. Wilkinson, of England, has had occasion to mention this fact in the case of a destructive gale at sea, where many persons were thrown into the water and half drowned.

He found it necessary to advise all assistants of the danger of giving alcohol to persons in this state. The same is true in many other states—in apoplexy, heart disease, fainting, loss of blood, etc. We advise our readers not to fall into the same error.

Alcohol ignorantly administered can injure a sick person more than a well one.

A Spring Tonic.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic with which to begin these warm spring days. It is strengthening and tends to prevent that tired feeling so prevalent at this season of the year. If prepared in the following way it is really a delicious drink:

Put the yoke of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the whites on a plate and add a pinch of salt; then, with a broad-bladed knife, beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish; then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It should be taken immediately, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juice may be used in place of orange or lemon.

Beauty of Comfort.

Mrs. Emily Bishop, the well known writer and speaker, in a recent lecture on dress said that the one great reason for the failure of dress reforms in the past has been their disregard of grace and beauty. A clever woman once said to her that any girl would rather be uncomfortable and look nice, than to be comfortable and appear odd or gawky.

Origin of Dyspepsia.

Doctor: "It's merely a case of dyspepsia, ma'am." Wife: "And what does that come from, doctor?" Doctor: "It comes from the Greek, ma'am." Wife: "Ah, I thought he'd been getting at something. He was all right as long as he stuck to beer."

Health Hints.

Sending children to bed without their supper is one of the old-fashioned cruelties, born of ignorance.

Do not put toothpicks or pins into your ears! Sooner or later you will be sure to do permanent injury to the drum.

There is no use of fooling with that stye on your eyelid. Just prick it with a sharp knife (not a needle) and that ends Mr. Stye.

A small piece of red pepper-pod applied to the gum over an aching tooth sometimes does wonders. The smart actually feels good.

Be sure and use your toothbrush after each meal. Use nice, clean water. It will keep your breath pure and the teeth from decaying.

Ear ache, did you say? Just squeeze the juice out of mullein leaves, warm it, and put a few drops into the ear. It is wonderfully soothing.

For that boil? I'll tell you. Light a match, and when the sulphur burns touch the boil with it. Oh, yes: it hurts a little, but it's death to the boil!

Holding a piece of ice in the mouth will usually stop a nose bleed of considerable severity. Stand up straight; stooping over makes it bleed more.

It is a mistaken notion that night air is dangerous. Nothing of the kind. Nor are plants and flowers in a bedroom unhealthful. The reverse is true.

It is not the wisest thing for parents to use tea or coffee, but it is certainly very unwise to encourage their children to use these stimulants. They lay the foundation of serious physical troubles.

How to Cure Whooping Cough.

Cover the bottom of a kettle with water about two inches in depth. Add three teaspoonfuls of a saturated solution of carbolic acid and the same quantity of oil of eucalyptus. When nearly at the boiling point, allow patient to inhale for a few minutes every hour through the tube. This will be found excellent in the convulsive cough of the disease.

Antipyrine is a specific for the disease. One sixth of a grain should be given for each month and one and a half grains for each year of the child; give three times daily.

Mike—"Shure, Pat, health is a good thing to have."

Pat—"Yis, Moike, especially when yez is sick."

The New Spring Gown.

It seems appropriate when Nature, in her best bib and tucker, laughs at one from every hedge-row, beckons from every cliff, enfolds one at every turn in large motherly arms, that humanity, particularly the decorative part of it, should make a toilet too. Pretty gowns set off pretty figures; a sweet face is never sweeter than when shaded by a bewitching hat. Broad-brimmed and plumed, or small and natty, a girl's hat takes on a bit of the girl's personality; and many a happy wife, did she but know it, owes years of supreme felicity to the fact that, one sunny day, on her brown curls or her golden tresses reposed a love of a hat, which did the business for a youthful swain long since grown portly and dignified.

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

and many an unsuspecting maiden going gayly on her way is not aware of the moment when,

"Tying her bonnet under her chin
She ties a young man's heart within."

If one can compass nothing else, let her brighten up her old gown by a bunch of blooming flowers. A few white lilies-of-the-valley, a golden daffodil, a spicy pink or two, a long-stemmed rose, a cluster of violets—these give an air of grace, a distinction, a holiday feeling, to the dingiest costume. It is not what one wears so much as the way she wears it which makes the difference between dowdiness and style. The dress of which you are tired may be elegant and picturesque in the eyes of another, and the small finishing points, the daintily gloved hands, the well-shod feet, the entire neatness of an outfit, have more to do with making a woman appear faultlessly attired than the mere cost of fabric or the name of her modiste.

A CHARMING EFFECT IN STRIPES.

Spring Jackets.

New jackets are short, extending only eight or ten inches below the waist. Some are made very full in the back, flaring in godet pleats, while others are flatly pressed, like the back of men's morning coats. The sleeves are huge at the top, and in many cases seem very incongruous for such short garments. Reefer fronts are again in great favor, the straight double breast being usually faced to turn back as revers and allow the garment to be worn open in warm weather, and show a shirt-waist beneath. French double-breasted jackets have draped revers of jetted moire—the mixed silk and wool moire that drapes softly. Bluet cloth is much used for Hungarian jackets ornamented with military braids across the front. Tan box-cloth is in very stylish short jackets with white cloth collar and revers. Jackets of tan covert coating have all the seams strapped, even the large sleeves being strapped down the inside. Six flat pleats are below the waist in the back.

Ribbon-Trimmed Dresses.

Some of the most delightfully chic dresses for next season have the ribbon trimming just introduced by Paquin of Paris. A large collar is made of ribbon five inches wide—a collar that extends in points over the sleeves and just in front and back of them below bands of embroidered batiste or linen that are put on somewhat in yoke shape. Thus a red wool canvas of square open meshes of great size has white faille ribbon with narrow black satin stripes for the large collar below a cross-band of creamy batiste embroidery. The belted waist has a broad box-pleat down the front, and a band of embroidery also extends down it. All the corners of the ribbon collar are neatly joined by herring-bone stitches. The back has merely the ribbon collar, and, instead of embroidery, ribbons extend like braces to the waist. The high stiff collar of canvas has a ruffle of ribbon two inches or more in depth turned over from the top, and not meeting in front. Like many new waists, this model hooks up the back. Mutton-leg sleeves have ribbon cuffs turned back from the hands. The new skirt, lined with red silk, has merely a wide flaring front breadth, and two other very wide breadths meeting in a bias seam in the back. It is not stiffened, but has a ribbon all around inside, which holds it in easy godets. It is without fulness at the top, and is sewed to a soft belt of the striped ribbon, which meets in four projecting loops (without ends) in the back. Yachting dresses of navy-blue canvas have ribbon collars of blue faille striped with white over waists of open-embroidered ecru batiste. Changeable taffeta ribbons, blue with green or red with blue, also trim blue or green gowns of crepon or of canvas.

BLACK SILK GOWN WITH CHIFFON GUIMPE

New Cotton Goods.

Corded ducks for tailor gowns run up to one dollar, but twenty-five to fifty cents is the popular price in white, china blue, tan, yellow, etc. A cheviot suiting resembling duck or basket weaves has also the appearance of woolen goods. It comes in stripes, checks, seeded stripes, Jacquard figures, plain grounds and tweed effects, and is suitable for house, street and outing wear. Crepon ginghams are neat for gowns to be worn in the afternoons, and simply trimmed with open embroidery or left untrimmed and worn with a black silk belt and silver buckle. These are of three shades alternating with a similar strip of lighter shades. Plain stripes alternate with chine effects, and white, yellow, bluet, pink, light green, tan and sky blue are prominent. Cord stripes also appear in these crepons.

Some of the new chambrays show an open work border of embroidery which requires a self-colored lining. The work is in white, on pink, blue, tan, green or yellow. The skirts cannot be gored owing to the border. The favorite batistes and organdies are, this far, in striped and chine or blurred patterns, and are made up with Valenciennes lace.

SKIRT WITH ORGANPIPE FOLDS.

OUR DESIGNS FOR MAY.

The cuts for this issue are novel and have been chosen with great care. Due prominence has been given to travelling garments, as the summer-tide will soon set in.

A Charming Striped Gown.

On page 21 is shown a practical street dress of brocaded and plain wool in tones of violet, old rose and pistache green. The material is cut on the bias in the back of the skirt. The bodice is in a dark tone of violet. It has the fashionable blouse front, outlined with a slender, plain stripe in the pistache green. The skirt is fastened to a Jenness Miller underwaist. The sleeves are of the brocade wool.

Black Silk Model.

The black silk model on the same page, has a puff of black velvet at the foot of the skirt. The fitted waist is of black velvet, with the leg-of-mutton sleeves of the silk. The front is open down to the waist, and both front and back turned down in revers faced with coral-pink satin and edged with jet, and connected by a velvet knot on the shoulders. Within the velvet waist is a guimpe of accordion-pleated black chiffon over pink satin, with a velvet collar.

CHILDRENS' PARTY DRESS.

Skirt With Organ Pipe Folds.

The fashionable skirt is no longer made to match the waist, but often in direct contrast to it. These independent skirts are in many varieties, and are made of various materials. We here give one of the most stylish skirts now worn, which has the additional merit of being very generally becoming. The gored front and sides flare modishly at the foot, being faced deeply with hair-cloth. The three godets in the back are lined throughout with the hair-cloth, and tacked at the seams to a band of elastic underneath, which holds them in position. The centre godet is cut straight in the middle, and falls on each side something like a box-plait with rounded edges. The top fits smoothly in front and over the hips, while the back is arranged in small plaits. The placket is formed underneath the centre plait. Rock or other varieties of crepon, velvet, grode-Londres, peau-de-soie, moire and satin antique, besides silk and wool mixtures of every fashionable kind, are used for these handsome skirts.

Fashionable Dresses for Children.

The trio of children on this page are tastefully dressed in spring costumes of light-weight wool in fashionable tints. The child's dress in Figure 1 shows the back of the same charming little gown given at the left in Figure 5. The distinguishing characteristic in all these little gowns is simplicity. The models are artistic and easily copied.

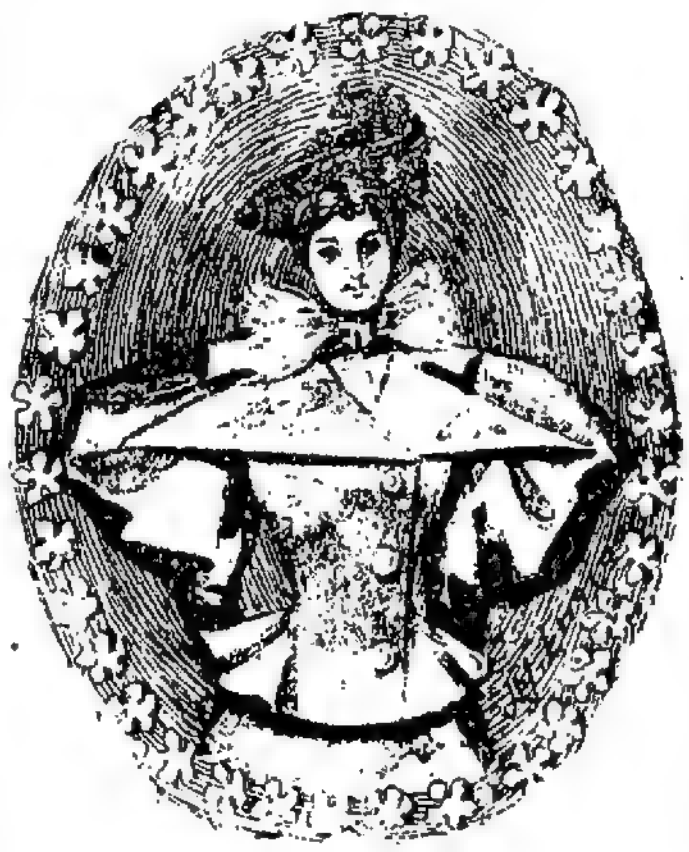
Children's Party Dresses.

Spring is the season, more than ever, for children's parties. Probably, because the days are

CHILD'S PINAFORE.

growing longer and the weather warmer. It is a wise thing to let the birthdays and other holidays be marked by some such festivity, which the children can remember pleasantly all the year. Let the children have what fun they can innocently while they are little, and when they are older they will rise up and call you blessed for it.

The two little girls in the central figure recently gave a children's party. Although their parents "belong to the 400" they are never guilty of dressing their children extravagantly. The one at the left has on a simple white muslin with narrow embroidery. The bertha is made of the same embroidery, and the neck and deep cuffs are of fine cross-barred nainsook—just such a gown as the child of a well-to-do farmer might, and often does wear. The other girl has a simple merino of a "crushed strawberry" tint, and the slashed trimmings are edged with black velvet ribbon. Black silk stockings and kid slippers to match her gown complete a most sensible and healthful costume. This party was held in the afternoon from two to five, so that the children could all be safely got home by six o'clock. How much more sensible such a party is, than an evening affair which takes the little folks out at unaccustomed hours and makes them cross and half sick the next day in consequence.



A DAINTY CLOTH JACKET.

Child's Pinafore.

The illustration shows very clearly how this pretty pinafore is made. The material is checked towelling and the embroidery consists of daisies in bird's eye stitch worked in linen floss to match. The pinafore is trimmed with a narrow crochet edge worked in colored cotton.

A Dainty Spring Jacket.

A box-cloth jacket with white cloth collar and revers may accompany any of the gowns here illustrated. It is made short, in the French fashion, and in very full godet pleats that extend far toward the front. The collar is in sailor shape, and, like the revers,, is edged with the box-cloth. The sleeves are tremendously large for so short a garment, but their great size is needed to cover dress sleeves. White pearl buttons are in a single row on the lapped front.

A Beauty Bonnet.

A dainty spring bonnet is of gilt and jet, with flat broad bows of black and white striped ribbon. At the back of the bonnet, and so arranged as to come at either side of the knot of hair, are falls of yellow lace. The effect of the bonnet is low and broad, although the bows are

FASHIONABLE DRESS FOR CHILDREN.

tied in a chic way which takes away from the too flat look it would otherwise have.

A Traveling Costume.

To thoroughly enjoy an ocean voyage one must be properly dressed to be at ease and comfortable under any and all circumstances. One learns much by experience in traveling, whether at home or abroad, and one always starts upon a trip across the water better equipped the second time than the first, unless some kind friend sets her right in the beginning, when from lack of experience the neophyte is apt to burden herself with too much baggage and with numberless unnecessary articles of clothing that will add to rather than relieve the discomforts of travel.

When one makes the trip abroad at this season of the year a serviceable English suiting, or Scotch goods in light weight and appropriate color not to easily show the dust and the wear of travel, should be selected and carefully made by a good tailor. The workmanship should be excellent, the style perfectly plain, and the skirt should clear the ground all round. There should be no passementeries, no velvet, silk or satin trimmings; no ornamentation except a tailor finish of silk or woolen braid. Plainness, good workmanship and cut should mark every detail. Serviceable, comfortable walking shoes, and gaiters to match this traveling dress should be provided. Two pairs of gloves, one for wearing

on the cars, the other for wearing sight-seeing upon arrival at a place; two veils, one plain tissue, the other of suitable color in net; a trim walking-hat, having no superfluous ends and feathers to be affected by wind or weather, and a plain tailor-made outside jacket will complete an appropriate traveling dress in which a lady can all all times appear well-dressed as a travel-

SPRING ULSTER.

er in Europe. Avoid all jewelry and all ornamentation, for Europeans set one down as a lady born or a parvenu from such indications. The suit described, complete in every detail, from hat and gloves to jacket, gaiters and shoes, will be the only traveling dress needed for a trip of three or four months. Such a suit should be perfectly fresh at the start. One will wear it going on board. As soon as the steamer is out of port she should retire to her state-room and there don a regular steamer-dress.

The ship-dress should also be especial to the occasion, and appropriate in every detail. Waterproof serge should be used for this dress. The bodice cut should be simple, the skirt short and worn with knee-length gaiters. The undergarments worn on shipboard should be a warm woolen Union suit, a waist boned or not, according to fancy, a pair of dark blue or black equestrienne trousers, and no petticoats. A woman should be so clothed that there will be no exposure of delicate undergarments from a fall from a sudden lurch of the ship, mounting stairs in advance of others, or from high winds. There should be no waste material anywhere to impede freedom of movement. Our illustration shows an excellent steamer-dress, refined, modest and convenient in form. Such a dress affords perfect protection for every part of the body, and is, besides, thoroughly appropriate for all kinds of weather. To dress like the figure shown one should wear, first, the ankle-length ribbed woolen Union suit; over this the white washable waist, then the equestrienne trousers, and the short dress-skirt, made without a band about the waist by hanging the skirt upon a sleeveless, low-necked fitted waist, made from the skirt lining, whether it be sateen, silk or linen. A round waist of the waterproof serge completes the under-dress, and the outside ulster is made from the same water-proof serge as the dress. This ulster may be interlined with flannel—should be, in fact, to provide sufficient warmth for cold days. The gaiters should be of the same color as the suit—a color chosen with a view to unfavorable effects of salt sea and air upon certain shades. Dark brown and very dark blue are serviceable colors, and little affected by the air.

One should be provided with some kind of soft untrimmed hat. A few hours before the steamer reaches the port of entry in Europe, everybody puts away the steamer garb and appears in traveling dress fresh and trim.

Walking Coats and Jackets.

Babies from one to three years old wear full coats as long as their dresses made with longer waists than those of last year, and full round capes that cover the waist. The Watteau back is also still used in little cloaks, with a cape starting on either side of the fulness in the back. White crepons lined with colored silk make pretty spring coats trimmed with insertions of guipure lace. Colored repped silk coats, pink, blue or buff, are similarly made. For summer cloaks, colored piques—yellow, pink, blue, and lilac—will rival white pique, and will be trimmed with white embroidered insertions and ruffles in open designs. Fine checked and striped flannels, with white, gray, or tan grounds, are for warm cloaks for cool days in the country.

Reefer jackets are made in all sizes, for little girl babies and for girls in their teens, and of various materials—silks for babies, checked wools for girls of four to eight years, and in serges, dark blue or tan-color, for larger girls.

Bonnets and Hats.

The largest bonnets are for the smallest babies and are made of repped silks, of lawns, dimity, chambrey, and of pique drawn on cords, while for midsummer they are of point d'esprit net. Some are white, and others colored. The bonnets and also hats, have high flaring fronts edged with embroidery, which sometims droops toward the face. Pique turbans for baby boys have corded bands with a pique bow on the left side. These are far prettier than such hats have ever been, and there are also Tam o' Shanter crowns of pique with corded brims that will shade the baby's eyes.

Larger girls will wear banded sailor hats for general use, and the plaited Cuban straw hats for best. The latter are in wide low sailor shape

A BEAUTY BONNET.

with rosettes of changeable ribbon all around the crown, or else clusters of flowers on either side with one erect branch in aigrette fashion. A wide low ribbon bow is the chief trimming of many girlish hats.

A TRAVELING COSTUME.

Wedding Gowns.

The traditional white satin of wedding gowns is combined this season with chiffon and lace. In design the fashions of the moment are carried out, the high belted corsage, large sleeves, and wide skirt all being repeated. The full skirt, especially appropriate for this stately gown, is eight or nine yards wide, even for very small brides. It is made with three godets in the back, stiffened the whole length of the round train, and two wide, soft, flat pleats on either side, with a plain front flaring at the foot. A trimming of satin puffs separated by clusters of orange blossoms borders the foot of the front and first side gores. With such a skirt dressmakers make a high round waist, hooked in the back, with a wide girdle of satin folds passing evenly around it. In the front chiffon is gathered very full at the neck and shoulders, and droops slightly on the girdle. Very rich lace is gathered in a double row below the stock collar of chiffon and covers the shoulders and sleeve-tops, while two length wise rows of lace are placed down the front, with scalloped edges meeting to cover the chiffon on the bust. A large rosette of chiffon catches up the lace ruffle shigh on the right side, and a bunch of orange blossoms on the left. The back of the waist is entirely of satin, plain at the top and pleated under the girdle.

For the Ladies' Journal.

DE PROFUNDIS.

By Kostka.

THE CABLEGRAM.

Four weeks went by; to Norbert Vallery they were weeks of the keenest enjoyment—hunting, fishing, camping, in fact every species of out-door sport that he loved. A happy party he and his friends made, free as the birds of the air, and indeed more so, for the freedom of every bird in their immediate vicinity was in constant jeopardy, as the scores that their unerring aim brought death to could testify.

"Who could be tempted to shut themselves up within four walls whilst such a life as this is to be had at will?" was a question Norbert frequently asked himself as he sped o'er moor and mountain, through field and highway, on his strong-limbed hunter, or while stretched, hot and wearied, on some mossy bank, his rifle by his side, and his feathered trophies lying around. One letter he had received from his mother, which he answered without delay, and was now feeling some anxiety at not hearing from her again.

Early in the fifth week, on returning from the hunt in more than usual high spirits, for a day of more than usual success and pleasure had been spent, a cablegram which had arrived some hours previous was placed in his hand. A mist came before Norbert's eyes; for the moment he lost all power of acting; he tried to open the missive and failed. "Tell me what it means, Guy?" he said hoarsely to his friend, handing him the sealed message. Guy tore open the cablegram; it required but a glance to learn its brief contents. Still he kept his eyes fastened on the slip of paper in his hand; he felt that he must conquer the horror which he knew filled them before he met Norbert's enquiring look. "What does it say?" asked Norbert, his voice sounding strangely unnatural, as the words fell from his blanched, stiff lips. Guy hesitated for a moment, looked away to where the sound of laughing voices and snatches of song announced that the rest of the party were approaching, then for answer placed the message in Norbert's hand, not once looking in his face.

"Come immediately, your mother is dying," were the words which encountered his shrinking gaze. Curt and merciless stood forth the stern command, which was signed by the family physician at Toronto. Had the two youths been suddenly turned to stone, not more silent nor immovable could they have stood, Guy with his face turned away in the direction from whence came the sounds of mirth and song, a suffocating pain contracting his heart because of his sympathy for his friend; Norbert looking blindly at the fatal message in his hand.

In tales of fiction it is not considered the proper thing to forecast what the future holds in store; the same, it is presumed, holds good as regards a tale of reality; but in the present case there has been, from the start, no intention or desire to adapt the generally accepted methods of writers of either reality or fiction.

Bearing this fact in mind it may here be said that as Norbert Vallery stood that beautiful October evening, in his scarlet coat and velvet cap, his mire-stained hunting boots and spurs, his eyes fastened with a dumb, despairing look on that slip of paper, his face death-white and rigid, which a few moments before glowed with the rich hue of health and happiness, his hot young blood coursing with quicker flow under the exhilarating exercise and excitement. Whilst thus he stood, the last page in the first chapter of his life was ended—an unseen hand turned it down forever. That brief, happy, golden-lettered chapter was lived and ended; he had reached the dividing line which was to separate him irrevocably from the past—that past which was to leave him a remembrance that would sear and torture till his dying day—had in fact all unconsciously passed that dividing line. A new unknown path suddenly opened before him in which a new life was to be lived; with the old he had done for all time, as completely as earth had done with that October day which was fast fading into night.

As his joyous laugh rang out one hour ago it would never in all the years to come ring out again; as his clear voice sounded o'er hill and dale that day, and all the days of the past four weeks, it would no more be heard in gladness or in mirth. When pain lays its fiery finger on the human heart it leaves not the face untouched, but impresses that upon it which to the experienced eye says clearly: "I have suffered." So it was when Norbert at length turned to his friend a face from which all joy and hope seemed stricken. Startled at the sight of such intense suffering, Guy exclaimed, "For heaven's sake don't give up like that, Norbert. After all it may not be so bad. Have some nerve; you wilt like a girl. See, the other fellows are coming!" Mechanically Norbert's eyes followed the direction in which Guy pointed, and saw in the distance the rest of the party quickly approaching. "I must start this instant, Guy," he said, "I cannot see anyone now; tell them how it is, and help me to get off, won't you Guy?" His voice was hollow and his words thick as though his tongue was parched.

And Guy did help him off, accompanying him to Liverpool, where they were fortunate enough to catch an out-going vessel. During his hurried preparations Norbert never spoke; but when all was in readness to start, he said, "Guy, old friend, I feel that I shall never see my mother in life again. I think she must have died since I received that message, and taken part of my very being with her. I cannot realize that I am the same Norbert of this morning or yesterday; it seems to me as though that one is dead and buried long ago. I never even once in all my life thought of imagining what life would be without my mother." Then as it dawned on him what life would really be without her, and what she must have suffered when he refused to accompany her to Canada—what she must have suffered all through the long weeks of his absence, he broke completely down and cried out in his remorse and anguish, "Mother, mother; O! my mother. I was cruel to ever leave your side; I never loved you half enough!"

NORBERT'S HOME-COMING.

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

"How is my mother?" was the message that Norbert flashed over the wires the moment he landed in New York, and then waited in sickening anxiety until back came the reply, "Died three days ago."

* * * *

To linger over the days that followed is needless. A week from the day on which Norbert stood by his mother's grave, he sent for the old housekeeper whom he had known from his infancy, and said, "Lock up all that you do not require of the house, dismiss or retain as many of the servants as you see fit. I am going away for—well—I don't know how long."

"But, Master Norbert," remonstrated the woman sorrowfully, "it was your mother's often expressed wish that you should remain here for at least a year or two and interest yourself in matters of importance concerning your future welfare, before you thought of travel; also to restore the house and surroundings to their former condition; five years' absence has left it in anything but a satisfactory state."

With marked impatience Norbert listened to the kindly proffered remonstrance, replying coldly:

"You do not understand. I could not remain here for the winter without—without—" A painful pause, then with evident effort he continued: "I must knock around a bit and—forget."

"But your mother's wishes?" persisted the woman. "She said that constant employment and having your mind always occupied would be the best remedy for your loneliness. Think about it, Master Norbert, and it will at least make you happier to know that you are complying with her wishes."

When his mother's name was mentioned Norbert rose and stood with averted face and compressed lips, looking down into the fire. As the woman ceased speaking he turned quickly, a burning flush blotting out the pallor of his face, and exclaimed passionately, "I gave my mother reason to think that I was heartless in allowing her to return

FRANK LEAKE
Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles four of which entirely cured him." MRS. G. A LAKE, Oshawa, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

The "ONLY" Soap.

THREE SUPERIOR SOAPS
IN A SINGLE SOAP.
BEST FOR TOILET,
POLISHING and CLEANING.

DOES NOT SCRATCH! Is free of all acids! As a Toilet Soap it is peerless. Nothing better for a Shampoo; foams profusely in hard or soft water; just the thing for Chapped Hands; removes Dirt, Ink, Paint, Oil, etc., in a moment, leaving the skin soft and clear.

For polishing Silver and Plated Ware the "ONLY" is unequalled; it leaves no residue; does not scratch.

Articles of Tin, Copper, Nickel, Kitchen Utensils, etc., Mirrors, Windows, Show Cases, Lamp Shades, and articles of Glass, Porcelain, China, etc., are perfectly cleaned and polished with half the labor otherwise required.

Stains and Spots are perfectly removed without injury with the "ONLY" from Clothes, Carpets, and All Fabrics.

THE "ONLY" Is the best household soap on the market. It is so far reaching that it will prove itself the cheapest. Once tried, always used.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

If he has not got it, send us six cents in stamps and we will send you a cake to try.

W. A. LOFTUS,

MONTREAL.

For Cracked or Sore Nipples

—USE—

Covernton's Nipple Oil.

To harden the Nipples before confinement use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price 25 cts. For sale by all druggists. Should your Druggist not keep it, enclose 31 cts. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Quebec.

home without me. I did not see, because I would not, that it was breaking her heart to do so. I gave her reason to think that I could be happy anywhere without her, consequently she concluded that I could go on living here as of old—" suddenly he paused and covering his face with his hands uttered the cry that was ever on his lips and in his heart since he received the fatal message in England: "Mother, mother; O! my mother! I cannot, I will not," he continued, trying hard the while to keep his voice from breaking. "It would kill me; but no, it would not do that merciful deed; I am too young and strong for that; but it would drive me insane to be all day long and every day looking at and thinking of her vacant place—— O! were she but permitted to come back just long enough for me to kneel at her feet—I would not even ask to touch her—that with my face in the dust I might ask her to forgive me, might tell her how bitterly I regret my unkindness, tell her how it was and that I did and do love her—God in heaven knows how truly and how well." Then again came the old restless cry, "Mother, mother; O! my mother!"

"You are not fit to go anywhere just yet," said the woman, whilst wiping away the tears which were falling fast.

"I am going," was Norbert's brief repiy.

"Where?" persisted the housekeeper knowing how entirely against his mother's wishes he was acting. Knowing too, how much there was that required his immediate attention if he would but give it.

"I don't know," he replied, sinking wearily on a couch. "To Mexico for one place; where else I may go I have no idea, I have formed no plans as yet."

Something there was that the woman wished to ask or refer to and yet hesitated. Seeing that Norbert had quite forgotten her presence she advanced a few steps and asked: "And your mother's letter; in it did she not request that you should remain at home?"

Norbert recoiled as though cut with a lash. Springing to his feet he exclaimed: "I have not read it. I don't know when I shall read it; certainly not now. Did I think there was just one reproach, one word of complaint in it I could bear to do so; but no, it is all unselfishness, kindness and affection. Read it? No! Some day I shall, but not now. I cannot even trust myself to think of my dying mother's faltering hand tracing her last message to me when I should have been at her side to receive it." Then with a burst of uncontrollable passion:

"Why do you torture me? Please go away; go immediately, and never speak to me on the subject again."

The following day the old homestead was again—with the exception of a few rooms—closed, and its young master far away.

IN MEXICO.

It was quite early in the morning, the sun still low in the east. Stretched on a slight aclivity under a group of palms was a young man whose attention seemed divided between a letter he held in his hand and a young girl of about sixteen, who sat close by, watching his every movement with eager anxiety.

"How many moons shall I count before again I see you?" she asked in a soft, clear voice, her words following each other in a kind of harmonious cadence peculiarly pleasing to hear, always expressing by their tone whatever emotion the subject under discussion inspired her with; now it was one of distress and sorrow.

"Five at the very most," replied her companion, again consulting the letter. Something very like a sob caused him to turn his eyes in the direction of his questioner. "Why, Tivola," he exclaimed, drawing himself up into a sitting position. "You know it is but a little earlier than I anticipated going in any case. You have so many things to think and dream about—so many plans to make and speculations to indulge in with regard to your future—that you will fancy but one moon has gone by when I return."

A look and gesture almost fierce in their intensity of expression was her only answer.

"I am here now, let me see, nearly six months. Has the time been long?" he asked, at the same time reaching out his hand for her to come to him.

To his last question she replied, the musical cadence in her voice rising and falling with a vibrating note of pain in it.

"No, not long; not long at all, like one day went by the moons, like only yesterday you come, so short has been the time."

"Well, why so grieved, then?" he asked, since it is to be less time than since first I saw you until I return."

"Why?" repeated the girl, a world of affection burning in the great black eyes she turned on him. Very quiet now were those startlingly bright and restless eyes, as they gazed into the youth's face; the many emotions which flashed and glowed in their liquid depths revealing the intensity of the infatuation which held captive her untutored heart—an infatuation which had become part and parcel of her existence, the depth and strength of which made one half fear to contemplate. "Less time than since first you saw me?" she continued, leaning forward and touching his hair, brow and cheek with her slim, brown fingers. "Can thus you speak? It will be longer, oh! so much longer than all the moons that came and went my whole life through, until that day you came to this spot, so tired, so sad, and so sick; just as I was wondering what like was the great big world out there," with an expressive wave of her hand; "and thinking if I ran away some night from Mulla, what like people would think of me; would they be kind? or would they not care at all for me? It will be long, oh! so long. Could you not take me? I know I grow sick waiting."

"No, Tivola, I could not; it is quite out of the question," he replied with decision. "You must be reasonable. It is really but a short time to wait. I must first find a school and make arrangements for placing you in it; besides, I have a host of other things to which I must give my attention. So now, my little wild bird, just fold your wings and think of all the moons and all the years, which after a little time we shall have to spend together, never to be again parted."

"You think not of the two long school years," said the girl, reproachfully.

"I do," he answered, "but then I shall visit you often, and you will be at liberty to write me as frequently as you wish."

"If it could only be at Toronto," she said regretfully.

"It cannot," he answered quickly. "Washington or Baltimore I think will be the best. I have some college friends in both places, and I'm pledged to pay them a long visit, which I shall do during the time you are at school, then I can see you perhaps every day. During those two years you will have fully learned how to act and speak as do the people amongst whom I shall take you. The fact of my home being in Toronto makes it impossible that you should be educated there. There is no need to tell the world at large that I first carried you off and then educated you. I shall inform my friends that at the end of two years I am to marry a Mexican girl of a grand old Spanish family—that will be true to the letter. Further information there is no need to give. And hearken, Tivola, whatever comes or goes do not drop a hint of my return to Mulla; to me she is the evil one personified, or would be were she roused. I am glad that Marque will not be back before late in the autumn. I shall by that time have you safe beyond their reach."

"I tell Mulla?" said the young girl, with one of her expressive gestures. "No, not I. Mulla hates you. Mulla I hate since she cal you bad names and say you were one great deceiver; but I fear her not though. But, Marque, oh! Marque, I hate and fear so much, oh! so much I tear and hate him that I cannot tell it all."

"Never mind; forget all about him. You have pleasanter things to think of; only remember that you will never have to tolerate him again."

Neither of the young people saw a woman glide from behind the clump of shrubbery near by, where unseen she heard all that passed between them. Turning when she was beyond danger of being seen, she clenched her withered fist, shaking it in the direction of the youthful pair, whilst a look of mingled hate and triumph flashed from her gleaming eyes, then she disappeared, muttering threats and vowing vengeance.

DRIFTING.

"Strive not to banish pain and doubt
In pleasure's noisy din;
The peace thou seekest for without
Is only found within."

As ere this it has no doubt been surmised that the youth thus expressing himself is no other than Norbert Vallery, it but remains to explain his presence in that lonely spot in Mexico, away on the banks of the Rio Grande.

The day after his mother's funeral he chanced to meet three or four young men with whom he was slightly acquainted. They told him of their intention of taking a trip through Mexico, Texas, and other places in that vicinity, the object in view, pleasure and speculation.

"It is just the chance for me. It will help to conquer the pain and remorse that is torturing me," was Norbert's mental comment and he instantly offered to make one of the party, to which they gladly consented, informing him of their immediate departure. Norbert hastily made the necessary preparations and was on hand the hour mentioned. The close companionship with his new friends proved to be anything but congenial to him; their notions of pleasure were of a widely different nature from those of the

House Full of Steam! A big fire, heavy lifting, hard work is the usual way of doing the wash . . . . . .

There is an easier and cleaner way.

A TEA KETTLE

will give all the hot water required when

Surprise Soap

is used according to the **directions on the wrapper.** It does away with boiling or scalding the clothes and all that miss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner, washed in this way.

Thousands use **Surprise Soap** on wash day, why don't you?

1698. THE ST. CROIX SOAP MF'G. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

pure-minded youth; their carousals and other questionable proceedings revolted his finer feelings, as well as shocked his inbred principles of morality. More than once he bitterly repented of not taking his mother's advice and regretted that he had not remained at home and busied himself with the duties which in conscience he knew he was neglecting.

As far as San Pedro, Mexico, he journied with his companions, where they remained for a few days, during which time they fell in with a party of young men from New York, who were bent on the same route. The two parties affiliated at once, and then more than ever was Norbert convinced that he was terribly out of place, for he had not one feeling in common with the companions with whom he found himself obliged to associate. From San Pedro they set out on horse-back. To Norbert the life was fast becoming intolerable; so one day, after taking their mid-day meal and devoting a couple of hours to rest they prepared to resume their journey. Norbert alone made no movement towards accompanying them, but lay perfectly still as if asleep, his hat shading his face from the light.

On being questioned he replied that he intended resting for half an hour or so longer, that no doubt he would bring up with them without much effort.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

By reference to the advertisement of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in this paper, it will be seen that this enterprising and progressive institution has arranged for a "Special Summer Normal Session" during next July. This will be a matter of much interest to teachers and students of music who are so occupied that they are unable to avail themselves of a regular course of study in the regular school year. The present season is one of unusual prosperity for the Conservatory of Music, more students have been registered than in any previous year in its history. The prospectus of the Summer School, and the Conservatory Calendar will be sent free on receipt of a post card with a request for them.

The new gowns are very wide.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

This Church Gave to the World a Beecher Hear Also What the Rev. S. Nicholls, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was colored largely by the condition of his health. He had said from the pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find the leading clergymen of Canada speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity better than anyone else of being relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nicholls, of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used this medicine, and over his own signature has borne testimony to its beneficial character.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis, and deafness. Sixty cents.

Sample with Blower sent on receipt of two 3c. stamps. S. G. Detchan, 44 Church Street, Toronto.

Luscious Cocoa.

In an attractive 22 page pamphlet, daintily illustrated, Mr. Jos. Hatton has given an account of the growth and manufacture of cocoa and chocolate.

One feels in reading it as though one was veritably in the land where these luscious products grow so pertinently are we reminded of their qualities.

A description of the cocoa tree will be first in order. This tree rises with a bare stem to the height of six or seven feet, and then dividing into many branches climbs upwards some ten or fifteen feet higher. The branches spread out not unlike an oak, but with a dark green leaf something of the shape and character of a plum tree. The fruit is a large pod that hangs pendulous from the tree by a tough timber stalk. Its surface is grained and hard. At first the pods are green, but as they ripen they become yellow, the side next the sun red. The tree attains its full vigor in seven or eight years, and yields two principal crops in the year. There is not what may be called a harvest time, not in the sense of our cutting of corn or the vintage in France. The pods do not ripen all at the same time. One or two from a tree are cut as they appear to the eye of the expert as ready for stripping. These are gathered together in heaps, and by and by the plantation hands, men and women, burst open the pods, strip away the rind and extract the nuts, each pod containing a hundred or more packed in the closest compass. The nuts are then laid out upon mats to dry, after which they are packed for exportation in bags.

At Bristol, the cocoa metropolis of the west of England, where the factories of Messrs. J. S. Fry & Son's, whose output is the largest in the world, are situated, may be seen in its entirety the conversion of the luscious cocoa bean, into that particular "food of the gods" known as cocoa.

In the roasting rooms of the factory, the beans are placed in pans which are manipulated by a skilled attendant who literally follows his nose in judging when the operation of roasting is complete. A bad roast is fatal. But so expert does the roaster become that failure is a rarity.

The next process is the winnowing of the shell or husk from the nut which leaves the latter clean and ready for grinding. Tons of loaf sugar are ground and sifted as fine as flour for amalgamation with the cocoa powder. No water is used for there is sufficient oil to keep the mass pliable. Many interesting manœuvres are next in order, but space forbids me to dwell upon them.

A few of the many dainties manufactured by Messrs. J. S. Fry & Son's, must be enumerated in closing.

FRY'S CARACAS CHOCOLATE.

This delicious Chocolate is prepared with Caracas and other choice Cocoas, long adopted in the manufacture of the finest Chocolates of Europe, and the Manufacturers

USE **Fry's**

Chocolates & Cocoas.

100

PRIZE MEDALS!!

confidently challenge for it competition with any other Chocolate, whether of English or Foreign manufacture, at a similar price.

FRY'S CEYLON CHOCOLATE.

This Chocolate possesses a peculiarly fine and delicate flavor, somewhat different from that of Chocolate prepared from cocoa grown in the Western Hemisphere; and it will, we believe, be appreciated by many connoisseurs. The successful cultivation of cocoa in our Eastern dependencies marks a fresh departure in the trade in this increasingly important article of food and drink.

FRY'S CHOCOLATE FOR EATING

Is not only delicious, but also highly nutritious and sustaining, and being exceedingly wholesome, is much valued for children, with whom it is a universal favorite.

Violets.

"Violets, sweeter than all the roses."

The flower of sentiment and song. The flower all love. The must-have of the rich. The can-have of the poor. Many deplore the fact that violets cannot be kept and made to bloom through our cold northern winters. Their cheery blossoms and delightful fragrance are sadly missed by those whose favorites they are. The windows may be full of plants that are considered "choice" by some, but is there another that reminds us so distinctly of joyous springtime, shady brooks and happy childhood? That mission belongs exclusively to the modest little violet. By some they are classed among the flowers that will not thrive in an ordinary living-room. To the skeptical and doubting I would emphatically say they can be grown, and will bloom profusely if given the proper conditions—without which very few plants will thrive. Certainly violets will not grow and bloom when kept in a south window, where the geraniums do best, with the temperature from sixty-five to eighty-five degrees, and where the atmosphere is so dry and dusty that only their enemies can thrive. But give them a cool, damp room or cellar—a place that would be certain death to the rose or geranium—and there the violet is at home. A west window, in a cool room, where they will get just a little sunshine, suits them. Shower frequently, and they will soon cause you to wonder why they are not supposed to be adapted to ordinary window culture, and to also wonder why those who insist that their houses are too cold to grow plants, and who have not the much sought-for south window, do not try violets.—Annette.

"REMARKABLE CURE FOR DROPSY AND DYSPEPSIA."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1888 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk, my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size, all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your Vegetable Discovery which has done such wonders in my case.

The new waists have a tendency to blouse fronts that droop over the waist line.

CAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to write that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years both internally and externally and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

A woman's greatest power lies in her serenity.

Mrs. L. Squire, Ontario Steam Dye Works, Toronto, says: "For about 30 years I have doctored for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia without getting any cure. I then tried Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefits I have received from this medicine are such that I cannot withhold this expression of my gratitude. It acts immediately on the liver. As a Dyspepsia remedy I don't think it can be equalled."

Billy.—"That manuscript I just ate has given me an awful pain." Nanny.—"Yes, dearest; that's called writers' cramp."

No one need ever fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and the old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Three Years After

"Co-boss! co-boss! co! co!" Old Eben Bates stood by the pasture bars, his voice echoing up and down the verdant valley.

"Come here, you Brindle! come Spot, come Bonnie," he repeated. letting down the rails one by one so that the three sleek animals might pass through into the main traveled road.

"Well, I never, if there ain't one o' them tramps coming up the road."

The old man stood gazing at the approaching individual, a wretched looking man with a small pack slung over his shoulder.

As the tramp neared the spot he threw down his bundle and looked at the farmer for a moment in silence, as if waiting for him to speak. Eben returned the gaze until finally the tramp asked in a weary voice:

"Can I get a drink anywhere about here? I mean a drink of water, old man."

"Where you from?" asked Eben, without noticing the request.

"Where am I from?"

"Yes."

"The last place of any size I was in, was Toronto."

"Toronto!" Eben exclaimed, "Toronto, Toronto, le's see," and here the old man seemed lost in deep thought for a moment. "Yes, that's the city, that's the place he went to," still talking to himself. "What did you say you wanted, stranger?"

"Water."

"You kin have it. Just come along with me," and the vagrant was led hurriedly up the lane behind the cattle.

Soon they came to the house and Eben led the way inside. When his guest had been seated, Eben disappeared only to re-appear the next moment leading his wife by the hand. He exclaimed as they entered:

"Ann, this here man is from Toronto—from Toronto, Ann, where James is!"

The old woman looked at the miserably clad man for a moment very thoughtfully.

"Do you know Jim Bates? No, no, I don't guess ye do. He was a proud one, Jim was, and wouldn't be knowing to folks like you."

The tramp did not speak and seemed deeply troubled. He put his hand to his face, as if ashamed to have the simple old couple look at him.

"How long is it, Eben, since James left us?" asked the old lady.

"Nigh on to fifteen years, Ann, and not a word have we heard from him since."

"James was a fine looking boy and so good and kind 'till he got an idea into his head that he could make a fortune in Toronto. One of our city boarders told him all about it when we lived down in Gilltown."

Here Ann raised her apron to her eyes and sobbed gently for a few moments.

"I hope some day he will come home to his poor old mother and father," she said. "He is still loved, the Lord knows how much. I suppose those city folks are so smart and rich he kinder feels ashamed to come to this plain old home. I know he's a good man, but careless of father and me. I am sure he's rich too, and proud and citified. How glad I should be if I could only have him for a few days! We would go to meetin' Sunday; how the neighbors would look at us, an' how proud I would be with him by my side. My boy! my only child!" Here the poor old lady retreated into the ample folds of the apron again.

Another long silence followed, until finally the wanderer arose and told the old couple that he was going back to Toronto soon and he would try to find their James.

"It will take time," he said, "it may take years, but don't lose hope."

With this the vagrant passed out of the house and was soon lost to sight behind the bend in the road.

. . . . . .

Three years passed, as many years before had passed—quiet, uneventful and forgotten in the township of———, till one morning a letter came to the postoffice, addressed to Mrs. Eben Bates.

"Well, I declare," remarked the postmaster. "That must be from that lost son," and he laid the letter to one side as if it were something of special importance.

The letter was put into Eben's trembling hand that morning, before a large audience of neighbors, who had gathered in the store to discuss the topics of general interest. All eyes were on Eben as he held the letter before his astonished gaze.

"My gum! what writin'," said one, who had caught a glimpse of the business-like address.

"You're in a hurry, Eb," said one of the curious neighbors, following the old man to his wagon.

"Yes, I be, John, I be. I'll tell you the news some other day. Ann first, ye know."

Before reaching the door of his humble home he saw his wife at the window and waved the letter frantically in the air. Ann took it from his hand, and followed hastily by Eben, entered the house. She broke the seal with trembling fingers, while her husband hovered over her expectantly. It was a brief letter from the long-lost son and read as follows:

DEAR MOTHER:

I am coming home on the Thursday morning train from Toronto.

Affectionately,

JAMES.

A few words, but what a world of joy they gave those simple country folk, as they read them.

The letter was received on Tuesday, and the news quickly spread for miles around that Eben Bates' long absent son was coming home Thursday morning. On Wednesday, while Ann was rushing about with joyful face preparing the only spare room in the house, she heard a knock at the kitchen door and a man's footstep on the sill.

She surveyed herself hurriedly in the great oval mirror she had just hung in the room and throwing off her turban, went down stairs. As she entered the hall she saw a tall, manly figure, dressed in extreme gentility, standing in the doorway.

"Good-morning, madam," he answered with a twinkle in his eye, and then they gazed at each other in silence, till finally he exclaimed:

"Why, mother! don't you know me?"

One moment of surprise and doubt and the next the old mother was locked in the strong arms of her son, sobbing and laughing for joy. Eben was called in from the potato patch, where he had been hoeing. Both mother and father clung to their son for some time, crying and laughing like children, and thanking the Lord for his safe return.

"Where have you been all these years, James?" asked his mother. "You forgot you had an old father and mother who still loved you?"

"No, mother, I did not forget you," he replied. "I have a long story to tell, I am going to surprise you—perhaps pain you both; but it has all passed now, mother, so don't be troubled. Sit down in the old rocker and father you take your old favorite in the corner and I will sit by mother, here at her feet, just as I used to do years ago.

"How quiet and beautiful it is," he continued. "What a relief it is to be away from the turmoil of the wicked cities."

"Why! are the cities wicked?"

The old couple listened with wonder and astonishment to their son's past history and seemed so surprised to think he had been led away by evil that he could hardly go on and tell the worst.

"Don't you remember a tramp who came here some three years ago? He stopped here for a drink of water, and you asked him where he hailed from? Well, mother, that tramp was your own son."

"What!" gasped both the old people, in a breath.

"Yes, that was I. I did not know you at first. You see you had moved up from the old home at Gilltown without my knowledge. When I recognized poor father I felt terribly sorry and it awoke me to a sense of what I might have been. When you, mother, spoke so hopefully of me, I could hardly keep back the tears.

I resolved then and there to begin a new life and determined to become successful before making myself known to you. It has been three long years of struggle against a terrible temptation. The harder I fought the stronger I grew and now I feel as if I had won dear mother."

A New Hamburg Citizen Released From Four Months' Imprisonment.

Mr. John Koch, hotel-keeper, New Hamburg, Ont.: "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October, and kept me in the house for four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy when I first contracted rheumatism it would have saved me months of pain and suffering."

If you suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia do not delay, but try South American Rheumatic Cure now. It will relieve in a few hours and cure radically in a few days.

HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER-SEX.

Mrs. E. Shirley, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, gives her experience as follows: "I have been repeatedly questioned by friends who know of my long suffering from uterine troubles, as to how I came to be so entirely cured. I will now reply so that all women suffering as I did may read and have hope. I began using **Miles' (Canadian) Vegetable Compound**, feeling little or no confidence in it. By the time I had finished one large bottle I became interested, thinking I was better. I used another and another and tried one package of the **Sanitive Wash** in connection, and found myself well almost well before I knew it. "I gratefully make this statement."

Miles' (Canadian) Vegetable Compound can and will cure any case of Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhea, Irregular and painful Menstruation, Inflammation of the womb, Flooding, etc., speedily and without pain or embarrassment to the sufferer. It is a purely vegetable remedy and acts upon the Uterus by strengthening the Muscles of that organ, and by relieving the strain cures the pain.

Letters of enquiry from suffering women addressed to the "A.M.C." Medicine Co., 136 St Lawrence Main St., Montreal, marked "personal," will be answered by a confidential lady clerk and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of the "Mother Sex."

PAINTINGS RICH AND PURE IN TONE

ARE EXECUTED BY

WINSOR - & - NEWTON'S

OIL AND WATER COLORS.

The best Artists use them.

All Dealers have them.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Sufferers! Atention!!

SPLENDID TREATMENT

Dr. Danter's Capsules for local treatment at home, in diseases peculiar to women; also Capsules and Ointment, with internal treatment in Blind and Bleeding Piles. These treatments are prepared by Dr. Danter, M.C. P. & S., Ont., a physician of thirty years' standing and wide experience in general and special practice. Thousands of persons have been benefited by these remedies. The treatment is safe, gentle, cleanly, convenient and eminently successful.

Mailed to any address on receipt of $1.00, for either treatment; also the Latest and Best Discovery in Medical Electricity:—Dr. Beckwith's Thermo-Ozone Battery, with Medicines for family use. Write for circulars. S. Lanskail, Business Manager,

354 Huron St. Toronto.

"Gwandma," said Mollie, looking at the wrinkled forehead of the dear old lady. "I finks you ought to go to the laundwy and det your head ironed."

LIVING PICTURES

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

One Real Living Picture Meets Another.

What She Took for a Spirit Was Her Friend.

Ghosts don't walk in broad daylight, and yet when a woman finds herself suddenly confronted by the friend she has mourned as dead she is apt to experience a creepy sensation that isn't down in the dictionary.

In a case like this no amount of presence of mind or self-possession can ward off the mingled feelings of astonishment, fear, joy and curiosity that will render a woman temporarily tongueties. It is only after again seeing the cherished smile of greeting after again feeling that there is throbbing life beneath the dainty glove, and after again hearing her own name spoken in the ever familiar voice, that this strange sensation vanishes.

THE STRANGE MEETING.

The meeting of the two women whose pictures are here given, shows that every-day life furnishes experiences as thrilling as those that come to us only in our wildest dreams. And the fact that such meetings occur every day points a moral that every woman in the land should take to heart. Here was a woman in the prime of life, pursued by that sentinel which seeks its victim, among her sex alone.

From a living picture she became, in less than a year, a wreck of human wretchedness. From despondency to despair seemed but the remaining step, the last step.

HER LAST FAREWELL.

Overcome by the presentiment that precedes a lingering death, she asked to be removed to her old home in the West, and spoke what to all seemed to be her last farewell. In the very paper that chronicled her departure the doomed invalid found four letters written by Mrs. William Hoover, of Belloville, O.; Mrs. Caroline King, of New Boston, O.; Mrs. S. A. Monroe, Baltimore, Md., F. F. Sargent, of United States Artillery School, Fortress Monroe, Va. These letters are printed below. They told how cures had been found for cases like her own—cases of "female weakness" and shattered health that had almost sapped life away. With no more hope than that which prompts the drowning man to catch at a straw—for she firmly believed herself incurable, just as tens of thousands of women believe themselves incurable—she followed the advice contained in these letters. The result is best told in the woman's own words. "In less than five months," she writes, "I returned to my friends in the east, as well and strong in body and mind and as happy and free from pain as any woman in the world. I had gained nearly thirty pounds in weight and was so changed in face and form that when one of my dearest friends met me in broad daylight she almost fainted, for

"SHE BELIEVED ME DEAD."

She adds, "I owe my whole life and happiness to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which cured me after doctors, travel, baths, massage, and electricity, had failed to even benefit!"

This woman's case, remarkable as it may seem, is not an exceptional one. Thousands and thousands of just such cures have been made in every State by these self-same remedies for women's special peculiar disorders and diseases.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW.

Every woman in this country ought to know that there is an institution in this country where diseases peculiar to their sex have for nearly thirty years, been made a specialty by several of the physicians and surgeons connected therewith. This institution is the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. In treating thousands of cases at that famous sanitarium, there have been perfected medicines which form a regular, scientific course of treatment for these prevalent and most distressing ailments. So positively sure and certain are these remedies in relieving and permanently curing the most obstinate cases of those diseases especially incident to women, that on first introducing these now world-famed remedies to the afflicted, and for many years thereafter, they were sold under a positive guarantee of giving entire satisfaction, in every case of disease for which they are recommended. So uniformly successful did they prove in curing diseases, derangements and weaknesses of women, that claims for the return of money paid for them were exceedingly rare; but, since the manufacturers and proprietors of these remedies can now refer to thousands of noted cures effected by them in every part of the land, and in many foreign countries, they believe this past record a sufficient guarantee of their great value as curative agents, and, therefore, they now rest their claims to the confidence of the afflicted solely upon their past record. There is scarcely a neighborhood or hamlet in this broad land of ours, in which will not be found one or more persons who have been cured of distressing and often dangerous diseases, by the medicines to which we refer—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

STAFF OF SKILLED SPECIALISTS.

Doctor Pierce and his staff of skilled specialists, forming the Faculty of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., are at all times ready to reply to letters from women suffering from obstinate, complicated, or long neglected diseases and "weaknesses," and can be addressed or consulted at that institution. They are always glad to offer, free charge, such suggestions as will not on hasten the cure, but make it permanent.

Where a local physician is called upon to treat one such case, Dr. Pierce and his skilled specialists treat many thousands, and a lifetime practice in this special field has made them experts in this special field of practice. There is no experimenting, no physical patchwork, and no promises made which cannot be fulfilled. Their record of cures includes thousands of cases in every State. Dr. Pierce's standing at home is such that the People of Buffalo have time and again, tendered him the highest public offices within their gift, he having represented them in the State Senate and later in Congress.

Any woman anywhere, no matter how serious her case, no matter how despondent she may have become, no matter how many remedies have failed to relieve her, no matter how many doctors have been baffled by her case—any such woman will, by simply writing to the Doctor, receive, free of charge, the most overwhelming proofs that her case is not beyond hope, and that relief and cure are in all probability within her reach.

OVER 90,000 GRATEFUL LETTERS

like those here printed, from the ladies named above, are on file at the Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute.

Mrs. William Hoover, of Belleville, Richland Co., Ohio, writes as follows: "I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness'; I tried three doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take them. I commenced last Christmas and took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five. My little girl had a very bad cough for a long time. She took your Golden Medical Discovery and is now well and happy."

STERILITY CURED.

Mrs. Caroline King, of New Boston, Scioto Co., Ohio, writes: "I will always recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; it cured me when all other medicines failed. For ten years I suffered untold misery. I commenced taking your medicine and found relief before finishing one bottle. After using your medicine eleven months, I made my husband a present of a twelve pound boy. I think it is the best medicine in the world."

A COMPLICATED CASE.

Mrs. S. A. Monroe, of 315 S. Register Street Baltimore, Md., writes: "I had been ailing for a year or more, being troubled with 'Female Weakness' and leucorrhea, when I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and I had a severe attack of asthma, which was so bad that for three weeks I could not lie down in bed at all. I had a terrible cough; in fact, every one thought I had consumption, and nothing gave me relief until I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, using two bottles of each. They cured me and I have had no return of the dreadful cough since, and that has been two years now, and I have had good health ever since.

"I am in possession of a copy of the Common Sense Medical Adviser, which I would not part with for anything."

STERILITY CURED.

Edward F. F. Sargent, Department of Photography, U. S. Artillery School, Fortress Monroe, Va., writes. "My wife cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, it having completely cured her of a serious womb trouble of long standing. She took five bottles altogether, and she has borne a large, healthy child since. There has been no return of the complaint.

"She only wishes every poor, suffering woman should know of the inestimable value your Favorite Prescription would be to them, and thanks you, gentlemen, from the bottom of her heart for the benefit she has received."

The brief talk on woman and her peculiar ailments given above is continued in the great doctor book described below:

GREAT DOCTOR BOOK FREE.

When Dr. Pierce published the first edition of his great work, The people's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, he would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has now been sold, he will, in accordance with his original offer, distribute, absolutely free (the receiver merely to pay for packing, customs duty and postage, as stipulated in the following coupon) 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published. In a single year this book will save more than a hundred times its cost in any family. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. No man or woman, married or single, should be without it.

It must be distinctly understood that not more than one copy will be sent to any one family free.

We Give Away

COUPON NO. 54.

A 1000 Page Doctor Book Given Away Absolutely FREE!

It contains over 1,000 pages and more than 300 illustrations, of which several chapters illustrated by colored and other plates are devoted to the diseases of women and their cure, by home self-treatment. This complete work, called the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M.D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., is now given away absolutely free of cost to any one sending this coupon and 21 cents in postage stamps, to pay for packing, customs duty and postage *only*. Send this coupon and the stamps to the Doctor at above address, and this great book will be sent you from our Canadian Branch, at Fort Erie, Duty paid. It contains important information for the young and old, both male and female, single and married, not heretofore published in this country, for the non-professional reader. Men and women, married and single, are many times tempted to ask their family physicians questions on

DELICATE AND PRIVATE MATTERS,

but are deterred from so doing by their sense of modesty. This work answers just such questions so fully and plainly as to leave no one in doubt. Over 680,000 copies of this great work have already been sold. In cloth binding, at one dollar and a half, the regular price. The free edition, now offered, is precisely the same excepting only that the books are bound in strong paper covers instead of cloth.